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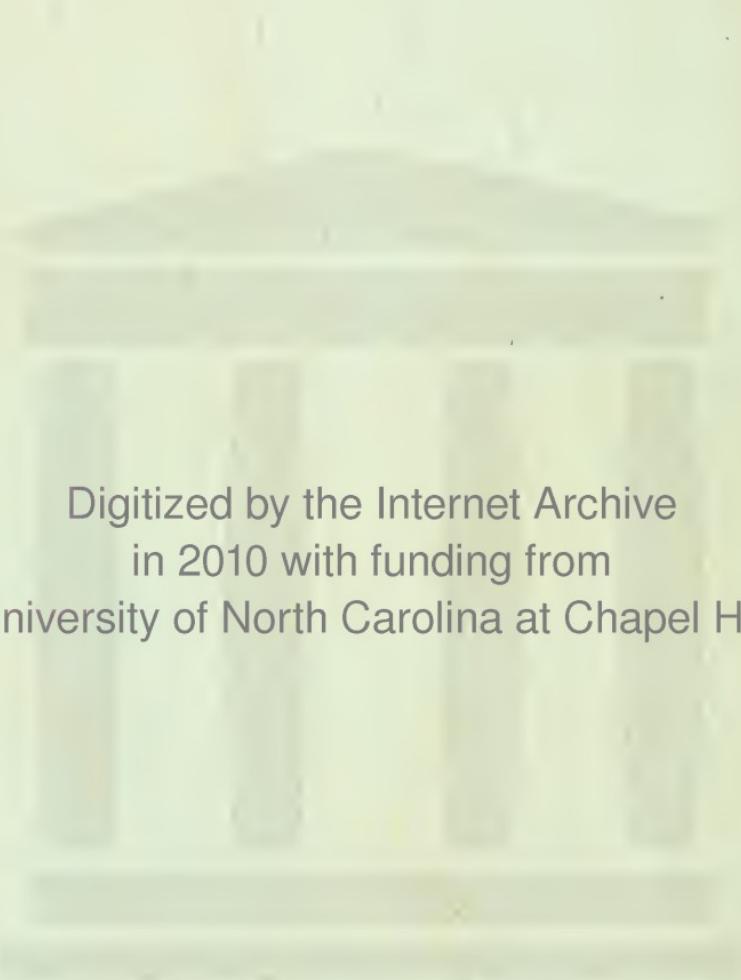
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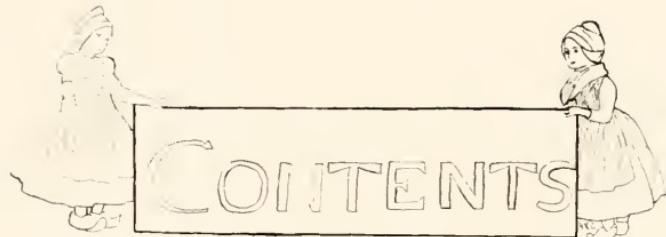
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GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE

1908



GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA



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Tribute to a Violet.

THE violets again—little wet violets, and there is the clean, sweet breath of spring. One would lift his head and drink deep—taste this newness, this grateful freshness that is about. There is a quicker leap of life, and Nature seems to stir with a kind of tenderness. There is deeper glow on the faces of children—easier happiness on a tiny, nestling face. . . . Girlhood comes to outward whiteness again—the cool, crisp sign of spring. And in all is the subtle charm of violets—little human, tremulous things, gentle as love's whispers, pure as purity. Restful, quaint little flower, too—simple, appealing. . . . Flower to lay on a baby that has died—to give as seemly tribute to womanhood—to press against the face as easement for tired heart. . . . Such a dear, peaceful little flower, all alone in flowerland—emblems of the world's simplest and best, and waiting to mock a false face or adorn the beauty that comes from the soul.

—ISAAC ERWIN AVERY.

Greeting.

THE sun is sinking behind the western hills; twilight is falling over our dear old college home; the busy sounds of the day have ceased, and only the subdued noises of a spring evening come to me through the gathering darkness. But suddenly a mockingbird perches on the bough of a tree just outside my window and pours out his heart in a burst of rapturous melody.

And what is the burden of the joyous strain he sings to all who will stop to hear it? Listen and you will hear.

"Welcome and greeting, and joy and mirth to all the readers of the Echo."

To Our Beloved President,

Mrs. Lucy A. Robertson

who has been to us an example of noble Christian
womanhood, and who, throughout our College
life, has set before us the highest ideals
of character, this volume is
lovingly dedicated.



MRS. LUCY. H. ROBERTSON.

MRS. LUCY H. ROBERTSON.

ON the canvases of many of the eminent painters a haunting recurrence of features may be noticed, causing oftentimes the construction of rosy theories and romances of fancy. Leonardo da Vinci, the most accomplished genius of perhaps all time, was haunted by a face, the features of which he produced as St. Anne, as the Madonna, as Mary Magdalene, even using the same features in his face of St. John, and suggesting the same in the face of Christ. Was it some youthful influence that lingered pleasantly, or was it a striving to express his ideal?

Greensboro Female College girls and Alumnae find themselves in close sympathy with the great artist in this, for there is one face they carry constantly in mind, and though memory's canvases may differ in background and in grouping, in varying chiaroscuro, that one figure holds the central place, increasing in wonder, in queenliness and in perfection as Life and Memory unfold their canvases. That face and influence is the face of Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson, President of Greensboro Female College.

When little Lucy Owen was born in Warrenton, North Carolina, one September morning, we hear of no special rainbow that spanned the town, or of any meteor bursting above the home to announce anything unusual. Little did the happy family dream that this child would stand before the women of North Carolina, a pattern and model of womanhood, of dignity and executive ability. We hope the parents did not express a desire that she might have been a boy; as parents sometimes do, or did in those days; and such wishes were pardonable when ambitious fathers and mothers saw that only through their boys was there hope of future fame and glory. A few years later this family moved to Hillsboro and this little daughter had the advantage of the scholarly old Nash and Kollock school. Even here we do not read that the daisies nodded as she passed, or that the brook rippled a sweeter tone as her reflection fell within. Too much in the realm of fairy tales that might seem, yet there are more things in Heaven and Earth than is dreamed of by the average man, and to the pure in heart who see God in earth and sea and sky many things stand revealed. Rapidly she passed from one life-lesson to another. Shortly after graduation she married Dr. David A. Robertson, of Hillsboro, then moved to Greensboro to unconsciously endear herself beyond expression to the hearts of the Greensboro people.

Her co-workers in the church realized her superiority and when the missionary movement among women was inaugurated she was made Vice-President of

the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the North Carolina Conference, a position which she held till she was, upon the division of the Conference, made President of the Western Society. As a presiding officer she has no peer; her presence, her voice, her intellectual strength, together with her rare magnetism, give her this easy superiority.

Two little boys came to bless her married life, assisting in unfolding the great mother-love that would be necessary to preside over and mother a great historic institution such as she now controls. When her great life sorrow came and her husband was taken away, she was born into the Educational world, for like all who have the root of true greatness within them she grew greater with each responsibility, and while keeping faith with one beneath the sod she no less lived up to the great responsibility of provider for the boys and the home. Finding teaching congenial, she entered Greensboro Female College in that capacity. Ye old Alumnae, hark back to the days of the eighties and unfold that first memory picture! Did any of you study Physics in those days and find your rather too exuberant spirits curbed into silence as the wonders of nature and the laws which govern the earth were so clearly presented? Could Sir Isaac Newton have charmed or held your interest more completely? Or was it your essays she revised, or did she open historic treasures to your enthralled mind? If you have followed her thus far do you now wonder how she stands on her present pedestal, the first woman college President in the South?

Does one wonder that Joseph became Egypt's peerless prime minister after reading the natural events of his life and his faithfulness to the truth within? Does one wonder that Sir Galahad, the youngest of all King Arthur's Knights, became the King's favorite and the greatest in achievement of all that great round table, when we read of his faithfulness to the vision within? Was it Jeanne d'Arc's silver armor or her white charger that delivered France in her fierce battle, or was it because of faithfulness to the voices? So all Mrs. Robertson's pupils learn the lesson that faithfulness to the higher ideals lead surely and rapidly to greater usefulness to all the world. At the close of fifteen years' work in Greensboro Female College, Mrs. Robertson accepted a position in the State Normal and Industrial College, filling the chair of History in that great institution for seven years.

Seven years of usefulness accomplished, she was recalled to be Lady Principal of Greensboro Female College, then to the Presidency, and at a time when the dear old institution was quivering with terror in the grasp of commercialism; but as Daphne escaped Appollo's embrace, so Mrs. Robertson's influence saved Greensboro Female College. A few months later, when the building was crumbling, and hot waves of flame were searing the pines of the campus, was it tears of weakness our President shed? No, rather Rachel weeping for the children of her dreams and refusing to be comforted; but only for a season, for her same personal magnetism and power drew about her a strength and sentiment and love that brooked no obstacles; and now see the work of her hands in this new build-

ing, modern equipments and up-to-date conservatory of the Arts—this college for the women, of the women, by the women, with nothing to fear, nothing to hinder her triumphant progress! To our Alma Mater, launched as surely and as safely as Longfellow's Ship of State! we say,

"Sail on nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers are all with thee."

President and Institution are one, while the student body and Alumnae complete this three-fold unity, for does not the President belong to them and they to her, certainly the latter heart and soul; but the former is true only as they follow after their highest ideals which are realized more and more as they follow in her footsteps, which lead as do the paths of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. We hope for the sake of the institution and the women of the State that she may follow the advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes and at "Ninety-five still wait on God, and work, and thrive."

MRS. CHARLES L. VAN NOPPEN.



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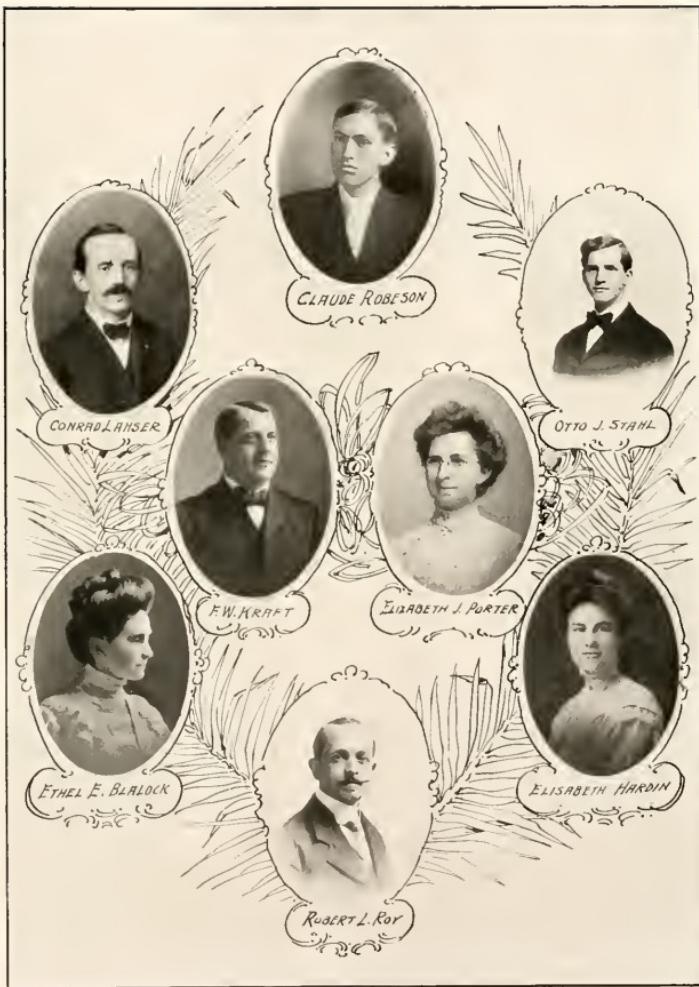
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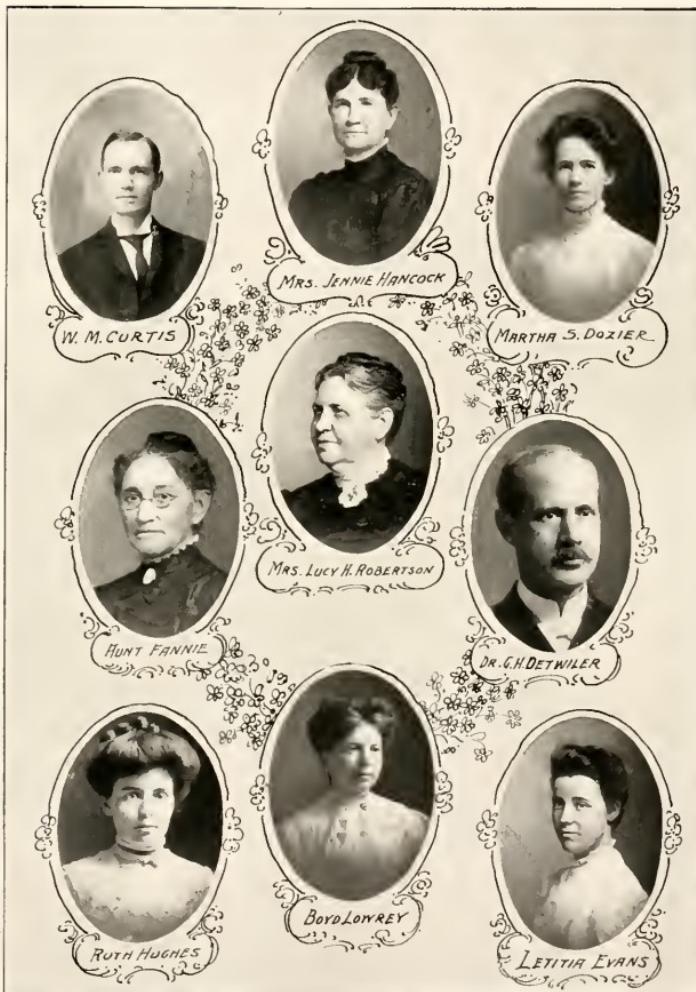
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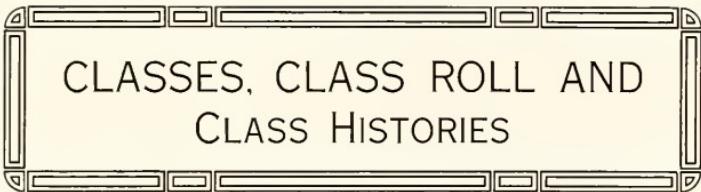
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Minnie Stuckton
Margaret Herring
Mabel Evans
Ellen McPhail
Grace Foley
Helen Springer
Clara Stahl

Senior Class.

Flower: Violet.

Colors: Violet and White.

Motto: "Not finished, but begun."

Yell: Allah! bazee! bazee! bazate!
Whoopla! whoopla! 1908!!!

| | |
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Senior Roll.



ANNE LAURIE ANDERSON,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

"One myriad minded Shakespeare."

Irving Literary Society; Class Poet, '08;
Assistant Literary Editor of the Echo.

BESSIE KATHERINE CARSON,
SPARGA, N. C.

*"I never knew so young a body with so
old a head."*

Irving Literary Society; Class Treasurer, '07, '08; Art Editor of the Echo; Chairman of Devotional Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08; Irving Editor of Alumnae Department of College Message, '08.





GRACE ODELL CRAIG,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

"It talks—ye gods, how it talks!"

Irving Literary Society; Critic of Irving Literary Society, '07; Class Historian, '07, '08; Irving Editor of Round Table Department of College Message, '07, '08; Chairman of Devotional Committee of Y. W. C. A., '07; President of Dramatic Club, '08.

MABEL AUGUSTA EVANS,

MANTEO, N. C.

*"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my friend and clear your books;
Why all this toil and trouble."*

Irving Literary Society; Irving Editor of the Y. W. C. A. Department of College Message, '08





MARY GRACE FOY,

Mt. Airy, N. C.

"You look wise; please correct that error."

Irving Literary Society; Chairman of Temperance Committee of Y. W. C. A., '07, '08; Chief Manager of Commencement '07; Editor of Roll of the Echo.

JOSEPHINE BOWDEN FULTON,

Mt. Airy, N. C.

"Hang sorrow! Care 'll kill a cat!"

Irving Literary Society; Literary Editor of the Echo; Editor of Local Department of the College Message, '08; Vice-President of Irving Literary Society, '08; Class Donor, '08.





MYRTIE HAM,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

Irving Literary Society; Class Statistician, '08; Business Manager of the ECHO.

MARGARET MATHIS HERRING,
KINSTON, N. C.

"And still be doing, never done."

Emerson Literary Society; Vice-President of Class '06, '07, '08; Critic of Emerson Literary Society, '08; Assistant Literary Editor of ECHO; Emerson Editor of Local Department of College Message, '08.





ELIZABETH VERA IDOL,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

*"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another."*

Emerson Literary Society; President of Class '06, '07, '08; Janitress of Emerson Literary Society, '06; Recording Secretary of Emerson Literary Society, '07; Vice-President Emerson Literary Society, '08; Chief Marshal of Commencement, '07; Editor-in-Chief of Echo; Emerson Editor of Round Table in College Message, '07; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08.

DORA BERTHA LONG

GASTONIA, N. C.

*"She is reserved, and in her gait
Reserves a grave majestic state."*

Irving Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer of Music Class, '07; Recording Secretary of Irving Literary Society, '08; Chairman of Music Committee of Y. W. C. A., '07, '08.





MARTHA ELLEN MCPHAIL.

MT. OLIVE, N. C.

"Tall oaks from small acorns grow."

Emerson Literary Society; President of Class, '05; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '07; Assistant Business Manager of College Message, '07; Business Manager of College Message, '08; Secretary of Emerson Literary Society, '08; Corresponding Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '08; President of Athletic Association, '08.



MARIANNE WATERALL SMITH,

NEWTON, N. C.

"The Smith, a mighty man is he!"

Irving Literary Society, Janitress of Irving Literary Society, '06; Corresponding Secretary of Irving Literary Society, '07, '08; Secretary of Class, '06, '07; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '07, '08; Assistant Editor of College Message, '07; Chief Editor of College Message, '08; Editor of the Calendar of the Echo.



HELEN GILMER SPARGER,
MT. AIRY, N. C.

"A maid that paragons description and wild fame."

Irving Literary Society; Janitress of Irving Literary Society, '06; President of Tennis Club, '07; President of Y. W. C. A., '08; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '08.



CLARA REGINA STAHL,
CULVER, IND.

*"A mathematician, learned in lines and measures;
A rhetorician who fives speeches treasures."*

Emerson Literary Society; Editor of Local Department of College Message, '07; Editor of Round Table of College Message, '08; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '08; President of Emerson Literary Society, '08; Business Manager of the Echo.



MARTHA KERR STOCKTON,

KERNERSVILLE, N. C.

"Modest and shy as a nun is she—one weak chirp is her only note."

Emerson Literary Society; Censor of Emerson Literary Society, '08; Secretary of Class, '08.

ALLIE GRAY STRICKLAND,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

"Estimable, virtuous, quiet, hard working."

Irving Literary Society; Treasurer of Irving Literary Society, '08; Irving Editor of Exchange Department of the College Message, '08.





MARGARET SUMMERSET,
SALISBURY, N. C.

"I would do as I please, and doing as I please I would have my way, and having my way I would be content."

Irving Literary Society; Class Grumbler, '08.

CARRIE YOUNG,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

"One ear it heard, the other out it went."

Irving Literary Society; Censor of Irving Literary Society, '07; President of Irving Literary Society, '08; Class Prophet, '08; Chairman of Room and Library Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08; Editor of the Grinds of the Echo.



Senior Class History.

THE history of the Class of 1908 has indeed been a history worthy of the great Latin hero Aeneas, for many and varied have been the experiences through which we have passed during our four years of college life.

When our class entered the halls of old Greensboro Female College on one beautiful October morning, 1904, there were nineteen of us to assume the cares and responsibilities of Freshmen. Each one of us had stored up great dreams of going to college which might have reached to the top of old Mount Mitchell. But, alas for our beautiful dream, for when we arrived at the College it faded into thin air. The sight was one at which an old girl might shudder. Just one year before, the old building, so dear to the heart of every girl who had ever entered its halls as a student, had been left by flames as simply four walls, which seemingly were only to be a monument of the old days.

But this was not to be the destiny of a college out of whose halls had gone many of the noblest women in the "Old North State," and when the Fall of 1904 came, the College was reopened. Of course there were few conveniences to be had, for the building had to be furnished from top to bottom. Alas, there wasn't even a mirror into which the girls might look to admire themselves!

In spite of all these drawbacks the members of the Class of 1908, who, then as now, could never be daunted by mere inconveniences, were soon installed as full-fledged Freshmen. It has always been a peculiar characteristic of our distinguished body to have meetings of our class as often as possible, and so it was from the beginning. A meeting was held and our first officers were elected.

Naturally, the Presidency fell to our stately member, Ellen McPhail, for it was she alone who was of sufficient stature to carry the responsibilities of such an important body. By the President's suggestion the class flower, the violet, and the colors, violet and white, were chosen soon after our organization. So well have they pleased us that we have considered them worthy of the class during our three remaining years.

There were no very important events in our Freshman year, as we were of rather a retiring temperament, and the Sophomores were so convinced of this fact that they were content to leave us without a shower of "salt." Time sped on until we came to commencement. What a revelation this was to us, with attending recitals, hearing addresses, and listening to sermons! At last all was over and the day came for us to go to our homes. We had been looking forward to this day for a long time. Some of us were even guilty of counting the number

of hours before we should leave our troubles and go to our loved ones. But in spite of all of our joyous anticipations we were sorry to leave the friends who had become so dear to us during our one year in college.

Summer had come, and gone, and again we were back at Greensboro Female College, not as Freshmen now, but we were honored by the "striking" name of Sophomores. Very much to our regret only a few of the members of our class had returned, but after the examinations had been taken and the students classified, we were overjoyed to find that fourteen of the new girls had passed examinations and entered the ranks of the Sophomore Class.

As there was such a large majority of new members, it was necessary to have a meeting as soon as possible, and elect new officers. Vera Idol was chosen as our President, and so well has she upheld the dignity of her office that we have had her as our leader up to the present time.

As Sophomores we were still tossing on the vast sea of knowledge, and like Æneas, were cast upon many strange shores. It was during this year we met the kings of both Israel and Judah, and strove face to face with the kings of Germany, Spain and France.

In spite of all our delays we sailed on under the brave command of our able pilot, Mrs. Robertson, and her mates until we reached the last port, commencement. Again we were separated for another summer.

As a rule Sophomores are very much assured of their importance, and are very sure to try to make others see it as well. With our class, however, there was an exception to the rule, for we did not begin to feel the great weight of our responsibilities until we came back to school as Juniors.

Juniors! My, how much the name meant to each one of us! Most of our members had returned, and we were very glad indeed to welcome three new ones. Some may have accused us of being conceited about our class, but we were indeed loyal to our colors and felt that we could be justly proud of being counted a member of the Class of 1908. Our class was the largest Junior class that had been enrolled in the college for many years. We numbered twenty-three, and out of this number six were Juniors in instrumental music, two were Juniors in vocal music, and one was a Junior in expression.

Of course as the Seniors were few in number a large share of their duties fell upon our shoulders, and we tried earnestly to bear them.

During this year we again touched many strange lands upon whose shores we met even fiercer foes than before. We were almost overcome by that mighty giant Chemistry, and we applied to every known publishing house for copies of textbooks on this important subject which contained absolutely "no problems." But woe unto that unfortunate class whose fate it is to come under the instruction of Miss Wilson, for if there is one foe which they will be sure to meet from all sides and in all directions, that foe is a "*Problem in Chemistry*."

We would not dare to omit some special mention of English, for we consider the training we received in "Letter Writing" and "Themes" of far too great

importance. We were formally introduced to Mr. Pancoast in our Freshman year and his poems have stood by us throughout these years.

We also met Mr. Shakespeare, and learned of Lear, Macbeth and Hamlet. We wandered through the forest with Orlando and Rosalind, and took a peep into the Inn where Falstaff took his ease.

Now, do not think that we have failed to stop by the walls of that strong fortress known as Mathematics, for quite a number of days were spent vainly trying to break down the walls and conquer the fort, but, alas, Trigonometry and Analytics were standing in the forefront, and how hard the battle raged! We've won the prize now, however, and rejoice that the fight is over.

We also fought Cæsar's battles, made orations against Cataline, and have taken a journey with Æneas over the seas.

We were not out upon stormy seas and sailing between Scylla and Charybdis during our entire voyage, but laid aside our work for some pleasure. We had the great privilege of hearing Madame Sembrich sing and of attending three of Shakespeare's plays and "Everyman."

The greatest event which took place during our Junior year was a reception given by our class to the Seniors and members of the faculty, on May 3, 1907. This reception was in the form of a burnt wood party. We sent out invitations of small pieces of wood on which were burned the words of invitation and each contest consisted of some form of pyrography. Our souvenirs were leather stamp cases with the monogram of each guest burned on them.

Before we realized it examinations were over and commencement was again upon us. As our class was so large we were afraid that our marshals would have to be selected from our number, but when commencement came we were overjoyed to learn that all of us were to be marshals. This was a great event in our lives, and although there was quite a lot of work in it, we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the time. How proud we felt of our long regalias with 1908 embroidered on them!

Three years had passed and at last we had sailed across the bar and turned the prow of our vessel toward the last port. We were Seniors!

When we arrived at the college we were very sorry indeed to find that some of our classmates had deserted us, and only eighteen of us remained faithfully at the helm. We made the best of it, however, and set our faces toward the future with a determination to fight to the last.

We were glad to welcome so many new girls into our college and did our best to keep them from getting homesick, but in spite of all we could do they persisted on every possible occasion in asking us if we were trying to enter the Freshman class. We consoled ourselves by thinking that the reason for this was that we all looked so young.

On the first Saturday after school opened we attended a banquet given in the college in honor of Mrs. Robertson, who had just returned from her trip to Europe. This was a great treat for us, to hear of the many interesting and beauti-

ful things she had seen during her summer abroad, and we felt that we had taken a flying trip to Europe ourselves.

One of our highest and sublimest dreams since we were Freshmen has been that we might get out an Annual in our Senior year, so as soon as we became Seniors we bent all of our energies to this end.

Several entertainments were given during the year in order to raise money for this purpose, one of the most enjoyable being an entertainment given by the Trinity College Glee Club on December 2. We rejoice to say that our dream has at last come true and we have issued our long hoped for Annual. We hope that our example will be followed by the succeeding classes, and that throughout the future years each class will send forth its tribute to dear old Greensboro Female College in the form of an Echo.

The Irving and Emerson Literary Societies gave a bazaar just before the Christmas holidays to raise money to refurnish their halls and one of the most novel of all duties fell upon the Seniors. We had to ask the various merchants of the city to give us some article for our advertisement booth, and oh, the experiences through which we had to pass!

On the night before our Physics examination last December we received an invitation to call on Miss Wilson at 9:30 o'clock over at the cottage. Naturally we expected to meet a Physics book at the door, and sure enough when we arrived at the house Miss Wilson was there to meet us with a Physics book lifted before our gaze. We were soon assured, however, that nothing more dangerous than the sight of it was to take place, and we began to feel at our ease. After the refreshments were served we were presented with small vials on which was written a prescription such as this: "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it." We enjoyed every bit of the party and were greatly strengthened by the "physic" we received.

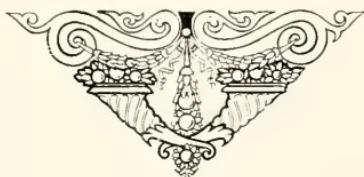
We had the honor of attending another banquet on the sixth of February given by the directors of the college. We were permitted to serve, and even in this humble capacity we derived great benefit and pleasure from it.

We cannot tell of all the wonderful revelations made by our class, but we have indeed informed the members of the faculty of things their sedate minds had never conceived of. One of our members informed our English teacher that "Walter Scott had written David Copperfield and the Wavering Novels," while another revealed to our mathematics teacher the fact that a "comet had to have two tails in order to form an angle of 45 degrees." So fond of Latin are we that we have organized a Latin Club, which meets every night for us to absorb the deep thoughts of Virgil and Horace.

Senior vacation! After our theses were completed many of our members went home for a few days to get ready for commencement.

Our Commencement! It is useless to attempt to express what that means to us. We have reached the last port and entered the Haven of Life through storm and calm.

And so, dear friends, we leave Greensboro Female College, our dear old Alma Mater, which has become so dear to each of our hearts. There is not a stone nor a tiny leaf around the building which is not sacred to each member of our class, and we hope that every spring, as the little Blue Violet, our class emblem, lifts its tiny head from the side of the hill below the college, that it will bring back to the mind of every girl the devotion and love to Greensboro Female College of the Class of 1908.



Junior Class.

Flower: Daisy.

Colors: Gold and White.

Motto: Palma non sine pulvere.

Yell: Hochy! Kochy! Donny! Nochy!

Fifty! Temy! Tee!

Hurrah for Juniors

G. F. C!!!

OFFICERS.

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| CLARA CLAPP | <i>President</i> |
| ESTELLE HAM | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| MILDRED CONNALLY..... | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |
| BESSIE CLAPP | <i>Historian</i> |

ROLL.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Bessie Clapp..... | Greensboro |
| Clara Clapp | Greensboro |
| Mildred Connally | Leasburg |
| Bessie May Davis..... | Warrenton |
| Estelle Ham | Greensboro |
| Araminta Hester | Greensboro |
| May Norris Richardson..... | Greensboro |

IRREGULAR JUNIORS.

| | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| Maude Hester | Greensboro |
| Annie Merritt | Greensboro |
| Bessie McNairy | Greensboro |
| Clara Suit | Thomasville |



JUNIOR CLASS.

History of the Class of 1909.

ALTHOUGH it seems but a few days, it has really been three years since a part of the present Junior Class were first enrolled as members of the Freshman Class of the Greensboro Female College. Quite well do those of us who entered then remember the first few days, made unpleasant by the extreme newness of things and the fatal entrance examinations. Pretty soon after the studies were begun, a meeting of the class was held and Deborah Sherrod elected as President. Gold and white were chosen for our colors and the daisy for our flower. Nothing very important happened during this term except the Christmas holidays and commencement, both of which were thoroughly enjoyed. After commencement came the happy summer vacation, and then the coming back to school, for these days just would come to a close in spite of everything that could be done.

So once more we assembled at the college in the fall of 1906, this time as Sophomores instead of Freshmen. Several of our members had dropped out, but a large number of new ones had entered, only too glad to have escaped the hardships which the Freshman class is always subject to. Again were the pleasures of Christmas and the dreadful finals passed over. Then, finally, we came to the delights of commencement, overjoyed at the fact that we had passed from careless Sophomores to dignified Juniors.

When our class met at the beginning of this term only twelve of our members were left, making us the smallest class in school, but by no means the most insignificant; and only five of this number are boarding students, the others being day pupils. Lillian Yow had filled her place as President of our Class the year before so well that she was re-elected to that place, Estelle Ham being chosen Vice-President and Mildred Connally Secretary and Treasurer. On account of bad health, however, our President was obliged to leave school and so Clara Clapp was elected to fill her place.

Thus, briefly stated, have we passed our college life, from the organization of our class up to the present time. Our experiences have not been unusual, but practically the same as those of all other Junior classes. We have had many triumphs and also many trials, through which only a small number of those who started with us have passed successfully. And now, as the close of our Junior term draws near, we begin to forget our present troubles in thinking of next year, when we shall be Seniors, and shall enjoy the privileges of the Senior class.

Sophomore Class.

Flower: White Rose.

Colors: Light Blue and White.

Motto: Nil desperandum.

Yell: Rah! Rah! Rah!

Siz! boom! ben!

We'll be Seniors

In 1910.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| AMANDA BAXTER | President |
| IDA GALLOWAY | Vice-President |
| CARITA WALLACE | Secretary and Treasurer |
| BYRDE DAILY | Historian |

ROLL.

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| Amanda Baxter..... | New Bern |
| Mary Broom | Kinston |
| Estelle Brown | Hillsboro |
| Ethel Brinkley..... | Elm City |
| Byrde Daily | Burlington |
| Ida Galloway | Fairmont |
| Huldah Hambrick | Roxboro |
| Annie Lea | Greensboro |
| Rachel Oliver | Marietta |
| Sybil Oliver | Marietta |
| Nell Pender | Greenville |
| Frank Robbins | Lexington |
| Ollie Sherrill | Waynesville |
| Will Stockton | Kernersville |
| Wilma Stevens | Matthews |
| Mabel Tomlinson | Smithfield |
| Carita Wallace..... | New Bern |
| Edith Ward | Marietta |

SOPHOMORE CLASS.



History of the Class of 1910.

CHAPTER I.

THE first chapter of the history of our class is short. The time covers the months between September, 1905, and May, 1906; the characters number seven. But, alas! when that is told little else remains to be said, for we were sub-Freshmen. Who is there who does not know the absolute nonentity of a sub-Freshman? We are not even accorded the usual amount of hazing and being laughed at; we are simply ignored. But, cheer up, for our next chapter holds brighter things.

CHAPTER II.

Ah, yes, there are worse things than being a Freshman. When we came back to dear old G. F. C. in the fall of 1906 we found about twenty-three new girls to join our ranks and raise the number of our class to thirty. Of course the Sophomores did a little hazing, but we were not surprised, and each one took her soap-pill and danced and sang as though she had been accustomed to such things from earliest childhood.

But the time when we first realized we were really a part of the college life, was that memorable day when Mrs. Robertson announced at the dinner table: "There will be a meeting of the Freshman Class immediately after dinner in the history room." How proud we felt as, with our heads held high, we marched from the dining room to the history room. What did we care if the Sophomores did laugh and call out "Freshie!" as we passed? One of the Seniors presided, and when she asked, "Whom will you have for President?" an intense silence greeted her words. But each one looked over the room, and finally one little girl, who longed to be tall, espied Amanda Baxter, who towered head and shoulders above the others. So when Amanda's name was proposed, she was unanimously elected. And we have never had reason to regret our choice, for Amanda fulfilled her duties so wisely and so well, that she has held the office up to the present time. We chose our colors of blue and white, and our flower, the White Rose, then adjourned, feeling that we were really beginning in our college life. At a second class meeting held just before Christmas, Miss Sue Corbett was chosen Vice-President and Miss Helen Huggins, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Freshman year passed much as all Freshman years do, and commencement time drew near. We became very much excited when we were told that we were to appear in public at the class-day exercises. All the morning of the great

day we were busy making garlands of ivy and other stuff, and discussing the ever important question, "What shall we wear?" But when the afternoon came we were all there, and marched proudly around the circle on the campus, carrying our garlands with the President leading our class, and holding on high our pennant of blue and white, which some one said was the prettiest on the field. We, of course, did not doubt that. But by this time we were saying, "Day after tomorrow we are going home," and so with a final exhortation to each member of our class to be sure to come back next year, we boarded the trains for home. Thus endeth the second chapter.

CHAPTER III.

When vacation was over and September had rolled around again, we found ourselves once more on our way back to G. F. C., this time with hearts that were heavy with leaving dear ones at home, but happy in the thought of seeing others who had become dear to us in our college home.

When the first meeting of the Sophomore Class was called, we found that only twenty girls had remained faithful. At this meeting Amanda Baxter was again chosen President, Carita Wallace, Vice-President, and Ida Galloway, Secretary and Treasurer.

This year has been a very successful one to us. We are well represented in every department of the college life. Our basketball team is one of which we are justly proud. We have not yet carried off the trophy cup,—but we will.

Since Christmas our ranks have thinned slightly because some could not endure the toils and struggles, and others felt that the road to a diploma was too hard to travel.

We have been informed by the Juniors and Seniors, with a very superior air, that we are a slow class, but their opinion makes very little impression upon us, for we exceed both classes in number, and we feel sure that when we are Seniors we can surpass them in other things.

So we have almost reached the end of our third chapter. Who can tell what will be written in chapters four and five? I am not a prophet, but I feel sure that if you will just keep your eye on the Class of 1910, you will hear great things of us during the next two years. Our ambitions and aspirations are high, and we believe that this class shall bring great glory and fame to its beloved Alma Mater, Greensboro Female College.

Freshman Class.

Colors: Light Blue and Yellow.

Flower: Mareschal Neil Rose.

Motto: Labor omnia vincit.

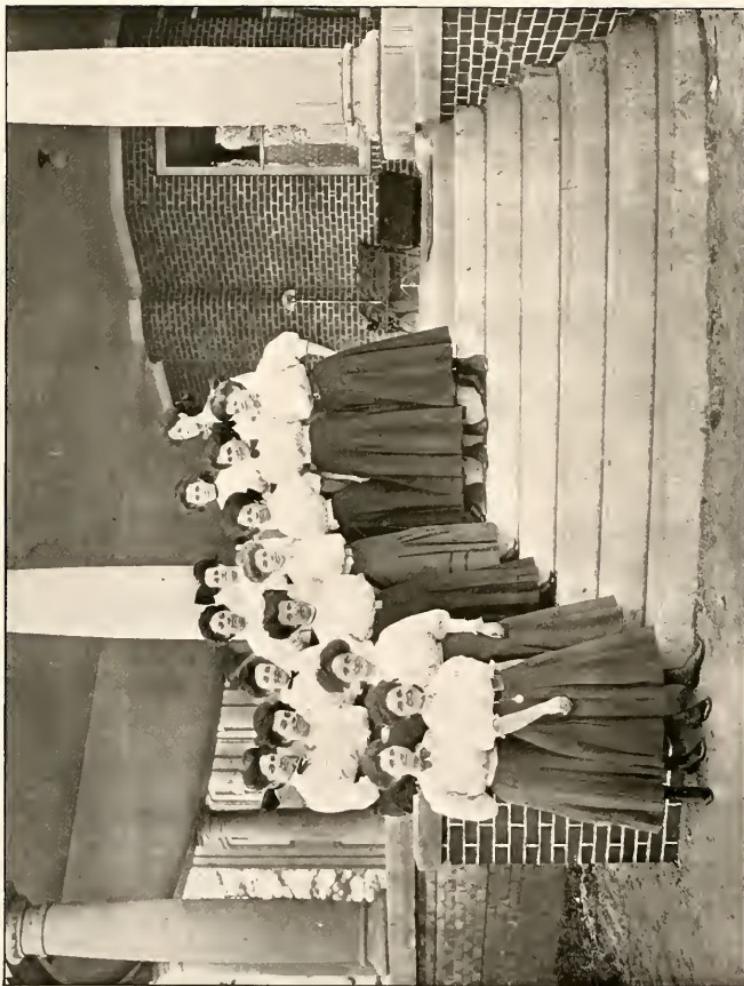
Yell: Bingo! Bango! Bingo! Beven!
Rah! Rah! Rah! for 1911,
First we are and will remain
For G. F. C. is our mater's name.
Bingo! Bango! Bingo! Beven!
Rah! Rah! Rah! for 1911.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| SUNIE BELLE JONES..... | <i>President</i> |
| ELEANOR VANN | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| ANNIE TERRELL WOODLEY..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| ALICE BLANCHARD | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| JULIA FITCH CRUTCHFIELD..... | <i>Historian</i> |

ROLL.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| Mary Barnwell | Walkertown |
| Leone Tyree Battle..... | Greensboro |
| Alice Blanchard | Hertford |
| Julia Fitch Crutchfield..... | Weaverville |
| Bettie Burnett Cattis..... | Chapel Hill |
| Callie Holt | Greensboro |
| Mabel Webb Jones..... | Hillsboro |
| Sunie Belle Jones..... | Beaufort |
| Emily Hughes Joynor..... | Greensboro |
| Cora Lamb | Greensboro |
| Mary Engenia Lewis..... | Gastonia |
| Ethel McNairy | Greensboro |
| Willie Mande Pickard..... | Greensboro |
| Lillian Reeves | Mt. Airy |
| May Stallings | Concord |
| Jessie Trogden | Greensboro |
| Eleanor Vann | Franklinton |
| Annie Terrell Woodley..... | Elizabeth City |



FRESHMAN CLASS.

History of the Class of 1911.

HAPPY is the class whose annals are brief. The Seniors and members of the other classes seemed to appreciate us from the very beginning. They gave us a warm welcome, making us feel as much at home as possible—not very much is possible, however, when one leaves home for the first time, having the delightful prospect of not returning for four long months.

On leaving the chapel the first morning, our elevated state of mind was greatly disturbed by the information given concerning entrance examinations. Much to our dismay and perplexity we were told to go immediately on some examination,—the mere suggestion of which made us tremble. We were also to find out later that "it had been so long since we had studied the conjugation (?) of sentences," that having forgotten all about them, we were left to think of mother and home. However, having lived through the first week, we soon came to the realization that we were Freshmen, and although the peaceful tenor of our lives was frequently disturbed by suggestions of "hazing" and such things, we were soon organized into a very promising class of sixteen.

Soon after our arrival we were informed that the future held much in store for us, for we were yet to attend the fair. Thanksgiving, with its attending pleasures, was still before us, but the most wonderful and most incomprehensible of all, was that we were actually going home sometime in the near future. The eventful day at last arrived and we proceeded to our respective homes with glad and joyous hearts, and with the consolation that we were expected to return "after Christmas." This we did not find so hard to do, for we had formed ties that bound us to dear old G. F. C.

We sincerely hope that we may, in a few more years, possess all the honor and dignity that belong to Seniors, and that united we may be able to give our yell with even more vim and enthusiasm than is now possible.

Bingo, bango, beven,
Rah! rah! rah! for 1911.
First we are, and will remain,
For G. F. C. is our Mater's name.
Bingo, bango, beven,
Rah! rah! rah! for 1911.

Senior Music Class.

OFFICERS.

IDA WOMACK *President*
MAMIE BEST *Vice-President*
LOLA BRUTON *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS.

Mamie Best, Lola Bruton, Bertha Long, Ellen McPhail, Ida Womack.



SENIOR MUSIC CLASS.

Expression Class of 1908.

MEMBERS,

Grace Craig, Ethel Hales, Nann Walker, Ida Womack.



EXPRESSION CLASS OF 1908.

Business Students.

MEMBERS.

Annie Andrews,
Hattie Creef,
Mamie Fountain,
Grace Field,

Violet Hayes,
Bonnie Ormond,
Daisy Shaver,
Debbie Sherrod,

Dora Schiffman,
Mabel Starbuck,
Bessie Utley,
Elizabeth Wall,



BUSINESS CLASS.

A STUDIOUS SPECIAL



Special Class.

Flower: Red Carnation.

Colors: Light Blue and Garnet.

Motto: Possunt quia posse videntur.

Yell: Boem! rah! boom rah! G. F. C.

Hika! Hika! Chee! Chu! Chee!

S-P-E-C-I-A-L

We are the girls who all do well.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|
| SUSIE KEY GWYN..... | <i>President</i> |
| NANN WALKER..... | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |

ROLL.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------|
| Maude Elizabeth Falcr..... | Hamilton |
| Carlotta Belle Barb r..... | Clayton |
| Bertie Baxter | Pomona |
| Mary Louise Bet..... | Goldsboro |
| Stella Benson | Benson |
| Lee Moya Brown..... | Greenville |
| Lola Brinton | Troy |
| Sara C. Blalock..... | Albemarle |
| Katie Blount..... | Williamston |
| Maude Boren | Pomona |
| Sallie Broome | Kinston |
| Annie Carter | Concord |
| Pattie Chappell..... | Edenton |
| Sue B. Corbett..... | Wilson |
| Ruth L. Coletrane..... | Concord |
| Sarah O. Condon..... | Wilson |
| Hattie Beatrice Creef..... | Manteo |
| Myrtle Dean..... | Elk Park |
| Ethel DeLaney | Matthews |
| Anna W. Detwiler..... | Greensboro |
| Evelyn Diggs | Rockingham |
| E. Belle Doggett..... | Clarksville, Va. |

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| Annie Doughton | Sparta |
| Grace May Field..... | High Point |
| Louise M. Fray..... | Culpepper, Va. |
| Mary Fulton | Mt. Airy |
| Eva Garner | Williamston |
| Margaret Hooker Gay..... | Lincolnton |
| Susan Geddie | Stedman |
| Sallie Graham | Rowland |
| Sarah Gibson | Gibson |
| Helen Groome | Greensboro |
| Lilian Gwyn..... | Locust Hill |
| Susie Key Gwyn..... | Elkin |
| Emily Diana Harris..... | Washington |
| Eula L. Hayes..... | Randleman |
| Violet Hayes | New York |
| Huldah L. Hester..... | Roxboro |
| Della Holton | Culpepper, Va. |
| Flossie Cobb Howell..... | Goldsboro |
| Rosa L. Jackson..... | Elizabeth City |
| Olivia Johnson | Ingold |
| Julia Thomas Mayo..... | Washington |
| Louise Morphew | Marion |
| Annie Frances Newby..... | Mt. Gilead |
| Loma Niven | Waxhaw |
| Enlah May Ormond..... | Goldsboro |
| Bonnie Ormond | Kinston |
| May Reade..... | Mt. Tirzah |
| Sallie H. Reade..... | Mt. Tirzah |
| Dora M. Schiffman..... | Washington, D. C. |
| Daisy Shaver | Albemarle |
| Deborah Lewis Sherrod..... | High Point |
| Ola M. Siddle..... | Locust Hill |
| Louise Jelk Sills..... | Nashville |
| Elizabeth Nelms Stanback..... | Mt. Gilead |
| Ada Bleun Stilwell..... | Charlotte |
| Sara Stewart | New Bern |
| Maude Stewart..... | New Bern |
| Fannie Speed | Durham |
| Elizabeth Tomlinson | Troy |
| Nona Tompson | Lexington |
| Hortense Thornton | Dunn |
| Bessie Utley | Concord |
| Lucile Waddell | Carthage |

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| Milarad Wallace | Morehead City |
| Evelyn Walker..... | Winston |
| Nann Walker..... | Rocky Mount |
| Ruby Walters..... | Pilot Mountain |
| Mabel Ward..... | Marietta |
| Julia Weskett..... | Bayboro |
| Percie Wilmoth | Boonville |
| Lydia Winslow | Goldsboro |
| Grace Winstead | Roxboro |
| Ida Winstead | Roxboro |
| Ida Womack | Reidsville |
| Glennie Yelverton | Goldsboro |



SPECIAL CLASS.





Unclassified Music Students.

PIANO.

| | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Carlotta Barbour, | Mary Fulton, | May Reade, |
| Bertie Baxter, | Eva Gainer, | Sallie Reade, |
| Amanda Baxter, | Margaret Gay, | Lillian Reeves, |
| Bessie Brown, | Susan Geddie, | Dora Schiffman, |
| Stella Benson, | Sallie Graham, | Ola Siddle, |
| Sara Blalock, | Dell Grimes, | Louise Sills, |
| Alice Blanchard, | Helen Groome, | Della Smith, |
| Eva Blair, | Lillian Gwyn, | Elizabeth Stanback, |
| Katie Blount, | Susie Gwyn, | Sadie Steele, |
| Maude Boren, | Huldah Hambrick, | Maude Stewart, |
| Ola Broome, | Emily Harris, | Sara Stewart, |
| Sallie Broome, | Eula Hayes, | Elizabeth Tomlinson, |
| Estelle Brown, | Huldah Hester, | Mabel Tomlinson, |
| Ethel Brinkley, | Della Holton, | Jessie Trogden, |
| Fleta Bynum, | Flossie Howell, | Eleanor Vann, |
| May Campbell, | Bertie Hughes, | Al'claide Van Noppen, |
| Annie Carter, | Annie Hyatt, | Maude Vickory, |
| Ila Cartland, | Rosa Jackson, | Lucile Waddell, |
| Ethel Chandler, | Olivia Johnson, | Mildred Wallace, |
| Pattie Chappell, | Mabel Jones, | Ruth Walters, |
| Annie Coltrane, | Sunnie Jones, | Mabel Ward, |
| Sarah Condon, | Annie Jones, | Edith Ward, |
| Sue Corbett, | Linnie Mann, | Cordye Weatherly, |
| Julia Crutchfield, | Julia Mayo, | Lillian Wells, |
| Blanche Dawson, | Maude Mebane, | Julia Weskett, |
| Myrtle Dean, | Ruth Mendenhall, | Fay Westbrook, |
| Ethel DeLaney, | Elizabeth Merrimon, | Elizabeth Westbrook, |
| Anna Detwiler, | Mary Merrimon, | Percie Wilmoth, |
| Belle Doggett, | Viola McLawhorn, | Lvdia Winslow, |
| Mabel Evans, | Louise Morphew, | Ida Winstead, |
| Grace Field, | Loma Niven, | Grace Winstead, |
| Louise Fray, | Rachel Oliver, | Glennie Yelverton, |
| | Nell Pender, | |

VOICE.

| | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|
| Carlotta Barbour, | Hulda Hester, | May Norris Richardson, |
| Eva Blair, | Flossie [®] Howell, | Marianne Smith, |
| Ruth Coltrane, | Ruth Hughes, | Ola Siddle, |
| Sara Condon, | Smie Jones, | Sadie Steele, |
| Sue Corbett, | Julia Mayo, | Rosalie Strudwick, |
| Grace Field, | Hallie Mayes, | Kate Tate, |
| Helen Groome, | Maude Mebane, | Hortense Thornton, |
| Margaret Gay, | Mary Merrimon, | Carita Wallace, |
| Susie Gwyn, | Elizabeth Merrimon, | Lillian Wells, |
| Lillian Gwyn, | Rachel Oliver, | Fay Westbrook, |
| Hulda Hambrick, | Bonnie Ormond, | Percie Wilmot, |
| E. Hardin, | A. Pegram, | Lydia Winslow, |
| Eula Hayes, | Frank Robbins, | Glenie Yelverton. |

VIOLIN.

| | |
|---------------|------------------|
| Susan Geddie, | Pattie Chappell. |
|---------------|------------------|

ART STUDENTS.

| | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Mary Bagley, | Linnie Gilliland, | Annie Sears, |
| Wiley Bagwell, | Sallie Graham, | Louise Sills, |
| Fannie Barrington, | Ethel Hales, | Ethel Stewart, |
| Fleta Bynum, | Douglas Hendrix, | Clara Suit, |
| Bessie Carson, | Mary James, | Laura Thomas, |
| S. J. Davis, | Marion Jones, | Nona Thompson, |
| M. S. Dozier, | H. V. Kraft, | Grace Tate, |
| Evelyn Diggs, | Mary McIlhenny, | Ruth Tate, |
| E. M. Fisher, | Annie Newby, | Mildred Wallace, |
| Josephine Freeman, | Sallie Reade, | Mabel Ward, |
| Sara Gibson, | Sadie Royster, | Grace Winstead. |





INTERIOR VIEWS OF COLLEGE.



SOCIETIES AND
PUBLICATION

Emerson Literary Society.

Colors: Gold and Green.

OFFICERS.

| | | |
|------------------|-------|--------------------------------|
| CLARA STAHL | | <i>President</i> |
| VERA IDOL | | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| ELLEN MCPHAIL | | <i>Recording Secretary</i> |
| AMANDA BAXTER | | <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> |
| MILDRED CONNALLY | | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| MARTHA STOCKTON | | <i>Censor</i> |
| MARGARET HERRING | | <i>Critic</i> |
| HULDAH HAMBRICK | { | <i>Janitresses</i> |
| BONNIE ORMOND | } | |

MEMBERS.

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Carlotta Barbour, | Huldah Hester, | Sallie Reade, |
| Maude Boren, | Ethel Hales, | May Reade, |
| Mary Broome, | Huldah Hambrick, | Effie Smothers, |
| Sallie Broome, | Margaret Herring, | Clara Stahl, |
| Sara Blalock, | Lena Hampton, | Bennie Stilwell, |
| Mary Barnwell, | Araminta Hester, | Maude Stewart, |
| Amanda Baxter, | Eulah Hayes, | Sara Stewart, |
| Mamie Best, | Flossie Howell, | Ola Siddle, |
| Ethel Brinkley, | Violet Hayes, | Elizabeth Stanback, |
| Estelle Brown, | Vera Idol, | Martha Stockton, |
| Clara Clapp, | Hattie Jackson, | Will Stockton, |
| Bessie Clapp, | Smie Belle Jones, | Clara Suit, |
| Mildred Connelly, | Mabel Jones, | Mabel Tomlinson, |
| Etta Cutchen, | Olivia Johnson, | Bessie Utley, |
| Ruth Coltrane, | Susan Geddie, | Maude Vickery, |
| May Campbell, | Boyd Lowry, | Ida Winstead, |
| Annie Carter, | Ellen McPhail, | Grace Winstead, |
| Julia Crutchfield | Sybil Oliver, | Carita Wallace, |
| Myrtle Dean, | Rachel Oliver, | Lydia Winslow, |
| Margaret Gay, | Eula Ormond, | Ruth Walters, |
| Ida Galloway, | Bonnie Ormond, | Glennie Yelverton, |
| Susie Gwyn, | | |

Irving Literary Society.

Colors: Gold and Purple.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| CARRIE YOUNG | President |
| JOSIE FULTON | Vice-President |
| BERTHA LONG | Recording Secretary |
| MARIANNE SMITH | Corresponding Secretary |
| ALLIE STRICKLAND | Treasurer |
| IDA WOMACK | Critic |
| NANN WALKER | Censor |
| ELEANOR VANN | Janitress |
| JULIA MAYO | Janitress |

MEMBERS.

| | | |
|------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Elizabeth Adams, | Lillian Gwyn, | Marianne Smith, |
| Annie Anderson, | Eva Gainer, | Allie Stickland, |
| Maude Baker, | Helen Groom, | Margaret Summersett, |
| Leone Battle, | Emily Harris, | Deborah Sherrod, |
| Bertie Baxter, | Emmie Helms, | Louise Sills, |
| Alice Blanchard, | Callie Holt, | Wilma Stevens, |
| Lola Bruton, | Myrtie Ham, | Ollie Sherrill, |
| Katie Blunt, | Maude Hester, | Dora Schiffman, |
| Bessie Carson. | Ruth Hughes, | Fannie Speed, |
| Pattie Chappell, | Rosa Jackson, | Della Smith, |
| Sarah Condon, | Rammie Johnson, | Rosa Strandwick, |
| Grace Craig, | Emily Joyner, | Nona Thompson, |
| Hattie Creel, | Mary Lewis, | Jessie Trogden, |
| Sue Corbett, | Bettie Laddin, | Elizabeth Tomlinson, |
| Anna Detwiler, | Bertha Long, | Hortense Thornton, |
| Belle Doggett, | Annie Merritt, | Lillie Tillman, |
| Byrde Daily, | Julia Mayo, | Eleanor Vann, |
| Ethel DeLaney, | Bessie McNairy, | Percie Wilmot, |
| Bessie Davis, | Ethel McNairy, | Julia Weskett, |
| Evelyn Diggs, | Loma Niven, | Ida Womack, |
| Mabel Evans, | Lonise Morphew, | Edith Ward, |
| Grace Foy, | Nellie Pender, | Mabel Ward, |
| Grace Field, | Maude Pickard, | Evelyn Walker, |
| Louise Fray, | Lillian Reeves, | Nann Walker, |
| Josie Fulton, | Frank Robbins, | Lucile Waddell, |
| Mary Fulton, | May Norris Richardson, | Annie Woodley, |
| Sara Gibson, | Daisy Shaver, | Mildred Wallace, |
| Sallie Graham, | Helen Sparger, | Carrie Young, |
| Delphine Grimes, | | |

IN LOVING GRATITUDE TO
AUNT FANNY,
WHO IS ALWAYS READY TO RESPOND TO EVERY
CRY OF SUFFERING WITH TENDER CARE
AND MOTHERLY SOLICITUDE, THIS
PAGE IS DEDICATED.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| HELEN SPARGER | <i>President</i> |
| MARIANNE SMITH | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| CARITA WALLACE | <i>Recording Secretary</i> |
| ELLEN MCPHAIL..... | <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> |
| CLARA STAHL | <i>Treasurer</i> |

COMMITTEE CHARMEN.

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| BESSIE CARSON | <i>Chairman of Devotional Committee</i> |
| LETITIA EVANS..... | <i>Chairman of Missionary Committee</i> |
| CLARA STAHL..... | <i>Chairman of Finance Committee</i> |
| MARIANNE SMITH..... | <i>Chairman of Membership Committee</i> |
| E. VERA IDOL..... | <i>Chairman of Social Committee</i> |
| GRACE FOY | <i>Chairman of Temperance Committee</i> |
| BERTHA LONG | <i>Chairman of Music Committee</i> |
| CARRIE YOUNG | <i>Chairman of Room and Library Committee</i> |



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

College Message Staff.

ELLEN MCPHAIL *Business Manager*
MAY NORRIS RICHARDSON *Assistant Business Manager*
MARIANNE SMITH *Chief Editor*
ARAMINTA HESTER *Assistant Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Clara Stahl..... } *Round Table*
Grace Craig..... }
Bessie Carson..... } *Alumnae Department*
Lillian Yow..... }
Margaret Herring } *Local Department*
Josie Fulton..... }
Allie Strickland... } *Exchange Department*
Mamie Best..... }
Mabel Evans..... } *Y. W. C. A. Notes*
Ida Galloway.... }



COLLEGE MESSAGE STAFF.



CLUBS

St. Cecilia Music Club.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| LILLIAN GWYN | President |
| BLANCHE DAWSON | Chairman of Music |
| SUSAN GEDDIE | Secretary |
| HULDAH HESTER | Treasurer |

MEMBERS.

| | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Annie Carter, | Annie Doughten, | Huldah Hester, |
| Julia Crutchfield, | Susan Geddie, | Maude Mebane, |
| Blanche Dawson, | Lillian Gwyn, | Louise Morphew, |
| Belle Doggett, | | |



ST. CECILIA MUSIC CLUB.



Dramatic Club.

Flower: Daffodil.

Colors: Light Blue and White.

Motto: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women
merely players."

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| GRACE CRAIG | <i>President</i> |
| MARY FULTON | <i>Secretary</i> |
| IDA WOMACK | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| NANN WALKER | <i>Manager</i> |
| ETHEL HALES | <i>Stage Manager</i> |
| LYDIA WINSLOW | <i>Leading Lady</i> |
| EULA ORMOND | <i>Leading Man</i> |
| SUE CORBETT | <i>Comedian</i> |
| FLETA BYNUM | <i>Juvenile</i> |
| GRACE FIELD | <i>Accompanist</i> |
| LOUISE FRAY | <i>Bell Boy</i> |
| ROSALIE SMITH { | <i>Curtain Boys</i> |
| FANNIE SPEED } | |



DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Down Homers.

Alice Blanchard, Hattie Creef, Mabel Evans,
Rosa Jackson, Annie Woodley.



THE DOWN HOMERS.

The Diggers.

OFFICERS.

CLARA STAHL *President*
GRACE FOY *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS.

| | | |
|---------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| Grace Craig, | Bertha Long, | Clara Stahl, |
| Mabel Evans, | Ellen McPhail, | Allie Strickland, |
| Grace Foy, | Marianne Smith, | Margaret Summerset, |
| Josie Fulton, | Helen Sparger, | Carrie Young, |
| Myrtie Ham, | | |



THE DIGGERS.

Old Maids' Club.

Flower: Ragged Robin.

Color: Black.

Motto: Gee! whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me.

ROLL..

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| JOSIE FULTON | <i>President</i> |
| CARITA WALLACE | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| GRACE FOY | <i>Lady Manager</i> |
| "BUMP" WOMACK | <i>Secretary</i> |
| HELEN SPARGER | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| BESSIE CARSON | <i>Man Prohibitor</i> |
| MARIANNE SMITH | <i>Chief Forager</i> |
| MAUDE MEBANE | <i>Cat and Bird Nurse</i> |

Vera Idol,
Bertha Long,

Ellen McPhail,
Grace Craig,

Clara Stahl,
Margaret Summerset.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

CONSTITUTION.

WE hereby resolve, whereas, on account of our many sad love affairs in our youth, we do hereby ordain and establish this "Old Maid's Club;" and be it firmly resolved that no one can become a member who, in any wise, and at any time contemplates entering the blissful state of matrimony.

To this document we do hereunto set our hands and seals on this the twenty-fourth day of November, nineteen hundred and seven.

BY-LAWS.

For every letter from an unmarried man shall be paid the fine of five cents.

For every visit from an unmarried man shall be paid the fine of six cents.

Should this contract at any time be broken the violator thereof shall make her husband share his income with the other "Old Maids."



OLD MAIDS' CLUB.

The Eastern Meditators.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| LYDIA WINSLOW | <i>President</i> |
| EULAH ORMOND | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| CARITA WALLACE | <i>Secretary</i> |
| GLENNIE YELVERTON | <i>Treasurer</i> |

MEMBERS.

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| Bertie Baxter, | Eulah Ormond, | Glennie Yelverton, |
| Ruth Coltrane, | Nell Pender, | Lydia Winslow, |
| Flossie Howell. | Carita Wallace, | Mildred Wallace, |



THE EASTERN MEDITATORS.

Chafing Dish Club.

Colors: Black and White.

Flower: Tulip.

Motto: Have a good time. It costs nothing.

ROLL.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| CARLOTTA BARBOUR..... | <i>Chief Talker</i> |
| MILDRED CONNALLY..... | <i>Market Girl</i> |
| IDA GALLOWAY..... | <i>Chief Taster</i> |
| HULDAH HAMBRICK..... | <i>Chief Eater</i> |
| HULDAH HESTER..... | <i>Chief Forager</i> |
| BONNIE ORMOND..... | <i>Joker</i> |
| MAY READE..... | <i>Giggle</i> |
| SALLIE READE | <i>Chief Cook</i> |
| GRACE WINSTEAD..... | <i>Assistant Cook</i> |
| IDA WINSTEAD..... | <i>Dishwasher</i> |



CHAFING DISH CLUB.

The Merrymakers.

Name: The Merrymakers.

Motto: "Do others before they get a chance to do you."

Chief Sport: Any old thing.

Colors: Chocolate and Strawberry.

ROLL.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| CARRIE HANNA YOUNG..... | <i>Chief</i> |
| MABEL AUGUSTA EVANS..... | <i>Second Chief</i> |
| ALLIE GRAY STRICKLAND..... | <i>Money Guard</i> |
| MARIANNE WATERALL SMITH | <i>Foragers</i> |
| ANNIE WYNN SEARS..... | <i>A</i> |
| HATTIE BEATRICE CREEF | <i>Chief Cook</i> |
| EMILY DIANA HARRIS | <i>General Merrymakers</i> |
| IDA LOUISE HALL..... | <i>A</i> |
| JOSIE LUCILLE WADDELL..... | <i>Dishwasher</i> |
| ANNIE TERRELL WOODLEY..... | <i>Room Guard</i> |
| JULIA THOMAS MAYO..... | <i>First-to-Come and Last-to-Go</i> |
| ROSA LOU JACKSON..... | <i>Errand Boy</i> |



THE MERRYSKERS.

The Kute Kids.

Flower: Red Carnation.

Colors: Red and White.

Motto: Have as much fun as you can, with as little work as possible.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| EULA HAYES..... | <i>President</i> |
| JULIA WESKETT..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| LOUISE SILLS | <i>Secretary</i> |
| LOMA NIVEN | <i>Treasurer</i> |

MEMBERS.

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Leone Batté, | Eula Hayes, | Lillian Reeves, |
| Evelyn Diggs, | Emily Joyner, | Louise Sills, |
| Helen Groom, | Loma Niven, | Dora Schiffman, |
| Sarah Gibson, | Maude Pickard, | Julia Weskett, |



THE KUTE KIDS.

The Three Squealers.

Amanda Baxter,

Susie Gwyn,

Sue Corbett.



THE THREE SQUEALERS.

Fun Lovers' Club.

Flower: Forget-me-not.

Color: True Blue.

Motto: To each other be "True Blue."

Do everybody else as they do you.

ROLL.

| | |
|------------------------|------------|
| AMANDA L. BAXTER..... | "Bitt" |
| LOUISE M. FRAY..... | "Cuteness" |
| DELLA M. HOLTON..... | "Dearie" |
| JULIA T. MAYO..... | "Jule" |
| FRANK M. ROBBINS..... | "Boy" |
| DEBBIE L. SHERROD..... | "Babe" |
| LYDIA C. WINSLOW..... | "Sweet" |



FUN LOVERS' CLUB.

Eat All You Can Club.

Flower. Cauliflower.

Color: Watermelon Red.

Motto: Live to eat.

R.O.L.A.

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| "BILL," BAXTER..... | <i>First-to-Come</i> |
| MAMIE BEST | <i>Crusher</i> |
| ALICE BLANCHARD..... | <i>Can Opener</i> |
| LOLA BRUTON..... | <i>Toast M'stress</i> |
| FLETA BYNUM | <i>Grumbler</i> |
| SUE CORBETT..... | <i>Chief Eater</i> |
| GRACE FOY..... | <i>Chief Dishwasher</i> |
| LOUISE FRAY | <i>Giggler</i> |
| JOSIE FULTON..... | <i>Chief Rogue</i> |
| SUSIE GWYN..... | <i>Biggest Talker</i> |
| DELLA HOLTON..... | <i>Pan Scraper</i> |
| VERA IDOL | <i>Last-to-Leave</i> |
| FRANK ROBBINS | <i>W'atcher</i> |
| DEBBIE SHERROD | <i>Bottle Washer</i> |
| HELEN SPARGER..... | <i>The Rambler</i> |
| NONA THOMPSON | <i>Chief Crammer</i> |
| NANN WALKER..... | <i>Chief Cook</i> |
| "BUMI" WOMACK..... | <i>Market Girl</i> |



EAT-ALL-YOU-CAN CLUB.

K. Z. P. Club.

Motto: Don't work until you have to, and then don't have to.

Yell: Hippy, Happy, let her go,
"K. Z. P." is not a bit slow,
No need hurrying, no need worrying
"K. Z. P." is just in the row.

Favorite Occupation: Worrying the Faculty.

Loafing Quartets: "Palace of Sweets."

Favorite Song: "School Days."

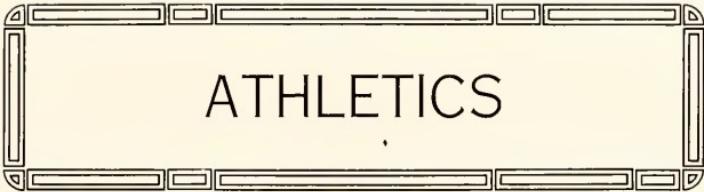
Calling Hours: 10—12 p. m.

MEMBERS.

| | | |
|-----------------|-------|---------------|
| ALICE BLANCHARD | | "Sweet Alice" |
| MAMIE BEST | | "Skinny" |
| BESSIE BROWN | | "B. B." |
| SUE CORBETT | | "Doc" |
| SUSIE GWYN | | "Snooks" |
| MARY JAMES | | "Dance" |
| NONA THOMPSON | | "Jack" |
| NANN WALKER | | "Nancy" |
| EVELYN WALKER | | "Nig." |



K. Z. P. CLUB.



ATHLETICS



JOSEPH KRAFT.

TENNIS CLUB.



G. F. C. Basketball Team.

Colors: Green and White.

ROLL.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| HELEN SPARGER | <i>Captain</i> |
| HELEN SPARGER | <i>Center</i> |
| SARA STEWART | <i>Right Forward</i> |
| SYBIL OLIVER | <i>Right Guard</i> |
| ALICE BLANCHARD | <i>Left Forward</i> |
| ANNIE WOODLEY | <i>Left Guard</i> |
| ELLEN MCPHAIL | <i>Goaler</i> |
| SUE CORBETT | <i>Basket Guard</i> |



G. F. C. BASKETBALL TEAM.

Irving Basketball Team.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| DELPHINE GRIMES | <i>Captain</i> |
| DELPHINE GRIMES | <i>Center</i> |
| NANN WALKER | <i>Right Forward</i> |
| JULIA MAYO | <i>Right Guard</i> |
| EMILY HARRIS | <i>Left Forward</i> |
| JOSIE FULTON | <i>Left Guard</i> |
| LUCILE WADDELL | <i>Goaler</i> |
| ETHEL DELANEY | <i>Basket Guard</i> |

Emerson Basketball Team.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| EULAH ORMOND | <i>Captain</i> |
| EULAH ORMOND | <i>Center</i> |
| MAUDE STEWART | <i>Right Forward</i> |
| RUTH COLTRANE | <i>Right Guard</i> |
| LYDIA WINSLOW | <i>Left Forward</i> |
| SUSIE GWYN | <i>Left Guard</i> |
| MARY BARNWELL | <i>Goaler</i> |
| GLENNIE YELVERTON | <i>Basket Guard</i> |



IRVING AND EMERSON TEAMS.

Senior Basketball Team.

Colors: Dark Blue and White.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| CLARA STAHL | <i>Captain</i> |
| CLARA STAHL | <i>Center</i> |
| VERA IDOL | <i>Right Forward</i> |
| MARIANNE SMITH | <i>Right Guard</i> |
| JOSIE FULTON | <i>Left Forward</i> |
| MABEL EVANS | <i>Left Guard</i> |
| GRACE FOY | <i>Goaler</i> |
| GRACE CRAIG | <i>Basket Guard</i> |



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM.

Sophomore Basketball Team.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| AMANDA BAXTER | <i>Captain</i> |
| AMANDA BAXTER | <i>Center</i> |
| RACHEL OLIVER | <i>Right Forward</i> |
| NELL PENDER | <i>Right Guard</i> |
| SYBIL OLIVER | <i>Left Forward</i> |
| OLLIE SHERRILL | <i>Left Guard</i> |
| CARITA WALLACE | <i>Goaler</i> |
| PERCIE WILMOTH | <i>Basketman</i> |



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM.

Special Teams.

A.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| JULIA WESKETT | <i>Captain</i> |
| JULIA WESKETT | <i>Center</i> |
| SALLIE GRAHAM | <i>Right Forward</i> |
| LOMA NIVEN | <i>Right Guard</i> |
| EULA HAYES | <i>Left Forward</i> |
| MABEL TOMLINSON | <i>Left Guard</i> |
| HORTENSE THORNTON | <i>Gaoler</i> |
| HELEN GROOME | <i>Basket Guard</i> |

B.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| NONA THOMPSON | <i>Captain</i> |
| NONA THOMPSON | <i>Center</i> |
| ETHEL DELANEY | <i>Right Forward</i> |
| CLARA SUIT | <i>Right Guard</i> |
| LOUISE MORPHEW | <i>Left Forward</i> |
| DORA SCHIFFMAN | <i>Left Guard</i> |
| LENA HAMPTON | <i>Gaoler</i> |
| SARA BLALOCK | <i>Basket Guard</i> |



SPECIAL TEAMS.



COLLEGE AND GROUNDS.

TO THE
MOTHERS OF OUR CLASS,

SOME OF WHOM HAVE GONE TO THAT BOURNE WHENCE NO
TRAVELLER RETURNS, BUT OTHERS WHO REMAIN
TO CHEER AND COMFORT OUR PATHWAYS
HERE ON EARTH, WE LOVINGLY
AND TENDERLY DEDICATE
THIS PAGE.



CONTRIBUTIONS

Our Alma Mater.

A SPIDER'S WEB may blur a landscape, and so a triflē may oftentimes disturb the whole mental apparatus. Thus it happens that those of us who are removed from the influence of the petty grievances of college life may look upon Greensboro Female College with a clearer view.

Not so many years ago there was an opinion prevalent among the student body that they were eating enough beef-hash to supply Uncle Sam's army, and at the same time, they entertained grave fears lest they were destroying Porto Rico's whole output of "long sweetening." Notwithstanding this, numerous groups were huddled together in different parts of the building, all discussing the grave situation. The conclusion was reached—"We are all starving." Therefore, it was incumbent on them to sit down and inform their parents to that effect, suggesting that the only remedy was to send a box "immediately, if not sooner." Now after fifteen years it appears that there was no more hash eaten than is allotted to each individual of the human race, and it is a well known fact that the scales were registering increased weights during the college term.

What if alarm clocks were an essential feature in the room's furnishing and their gongs sent saw-teeth into the nerves of peaceful slumberers at five o'clock in the morning? These served other purposes. For instance, when a certain young man had been frequenting the parlor long enough to "come to the point," and when he persisted in taking his seat on the sofa beside "her," on the occasion of one of these weekly calls, there were sounded seven gongs from seven alarm clocks, and immediately there was a disturbance. Some said that about that time there was seen a mighty tall man striding off the campus with his arms full of clocks.

As the years go, memory holds no phase of college life more distinct nor counts any influence more potent than the home life of our beloved institution. The forming of lifelong ties of friendship and the daily companionship of those choice spirits that our Alma Mater has ever gathered around her hearthstone have wrought into the fabric of our being varied hues to enrich the dull gray of an ordinary life.

One cannot remain a student of the college for more than a week and escape the influence of the girls' weekly prayer service. Some familiar hymns are sung, several prayers offered, a chapter read (the comments are usually brief) and then the close, all repeating in concert: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, oh, Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer." There was little in those services except the "faith of a little child,"

yet they sent each forth with gladder heart and a deeper determination to act her part well.

And so, whether it was in girlish sport or in the hour of devotions; whether in the laboratory with blow-pipe and test-tube or seated at the piano, endeavoring to work out the intricacies of a Beethoven Sonata; whether in the effort to balance an account or striving to spread upon canvas a glimpse of nature; whether studying the idioms of a foreign language or the beauties of the mother tongue; whether on the rostrum giving expression to the thoughts of other minds or hidden away in some quiet corner solving a mathematical problem; in all these, our Alma Mater, thou hast enlarged us. Thou hast led us into the thought life. Thou hast taught us activity of soul. Thou hast awakened us to the beauties of nature; to the good in human nature; and disclosed unto us the secret of true living—the joy of service. What the branches were before the springtime, so were we before thou didst breathe into us thy spirit.

And now thy daughters are scattered wide,—in foreign fields they are leading their groping sisters into the light; in the one-room schoolhouse, in the city schools, and in the college community, they are training the youth of the land; there are some who have caught the ear and the eye of the public with a glib tongue and a ready pen; others are in the busy marts; but the many are found in the homes of our own Southland, enduring the strain of household care, bending over the cradle of laughing babes, and contributing a full share to the advancement of the community in which they live.

Yet, all with one accord would cry: Hail to thee, Alma Mater, evermore our joy, our pride!

EPIE SMITH PLYLER, '95.

Vaccination.

Now, who's afraid of smallpox, here,
Or who could catch that thing so hated,
There's not a bit of need to fear,
For everyone's been vaccinated.

A letter to the parents sent,
Requiring of them certain data,
Caused such a wail the skies were rent,
For each reply said, "Vaccinate her!"

One Monday morning bleak and cold,
It was announced to each one here,
That armed with towels and sleeves uprolled,
At ten o'clock she must appear.

Did ever any human see
Such arms as then were there arrayed?
I wondered at the doctor's fee,
For there were full four score displayed!

And every different kind of arm
Both long and short, and fat and thin,
And some, we feared the doctor'd harm,
For they were simply bones and skin.

And now on every side we hear
From girls—the faculty, too, 'tis stated,—
A hasty word, "Be careful, dear,
Don't touch my arm! I'm vaccinated!"

E. V. L.

Class Poem.

Now we leave you, yet we love you,
Alma Mater, kind and true,
Soon these dear old walls and playgrounds
Will be hidden from our view.

In our memory you will ever
Be a green and sunny spot;
May each girl so kindly nurtured,
Ask of you, "Forget me not."

When from duty we have wandered,
Gently with us you have borne,
And when homesick, sad and weary,
Thou hast ever kindness shown.

Stepping out across the threshold
Of a life untried and new,
May we faithfully remember
All the things you bade us do.

As we leave these hours of study
Higher yet may we aspire;
Looking forward to the future,
Till we reach all you desire.

To our teachers, who with patience
Helped us as our tasks we wrought,
We would thank them for all kindness,
Every well-directed thought.

To our classmates, kind and loving,
We will bid a fond adieu,
Though our paths be widely severed,
We will ever think of you.

Here together we have wrestled,
Searching for some hidden lore;
Culling stubborn facts and fancies,
Laying something up in store.

Here with merry hearts we've mingled,
While the halls rang with our glee,
And these memories will be cherished,
As we launch upon life's sea.

Modest as the blue-eyed violet,
Chosen flower of our class;
May we swerve from duty never,
But be true while life shall last.

Dear old campus, how we've rambled
On your green and grassy slope:
In our hearts we'll keep thy memory,
While life bids us love and hope.

Alma Mater, Teachers, Classmates,
Unto all a fond adieu;
As we leave you, still we love you,
May we e'er to you be true!

The Broken Pledge.

THREE GIRLS sat on the steps of their college home discussing their future. Margarette and Lucile were about the same age, but were as different as could be. Margarette had beautiful brown eyes that could sparkle with fun or flash with anger when provoked. Hers was a face one would look at twice. Lucile, on the contrary, had large blue eyes, so blue that her friends often accused her of having stolen samples of the sky as she came down, and lovely brown hair which never seemed to give her any trouble. Little curly-headed Irene, the youngest of the three, was the mischief-maker of the trio. Her brain was always busy thinking up some new plot or adventure, "to keep things lively," as she said; and, from the way she was staring into space, she must be busier than usual.

"Now, look here, girls!" exclaimed Lucile, "I move that we do something out of the ordinary. I am so tired of the same story over and over. It's either leave college and go out to be a school teacher, or fall in love and get married. The latter is what I call the end of everything."

"Oh, don't worry yourself over that," laughed Margarette, "for it takes two to play at that game."

"Yes, but I suppose there are plenty of people who are just waiting for a partner so that they may begin the game!" retorted Lucile.

"Oh, girls!" screamed Irene, springing up so quickly that she sent her tablet and pencil flying down the gravel walk. "I have a splendid plan! Just listen to it! We three will set up an old maids' establishment in Lucile's home town. That's the finest little place I know of, and you, Margarette, shall have a music class, for of course you couldn't possibly be happy unless you were teaching music; Lucile shall give private French lessons, while I, oh! I'll be housekeeper and general merry-maker to keep you two old maids from dying of the blues."

"Good!" cried Lucile and Margarette in a breath.

"You're a second Solomon in petticoats!"

"And, oh!" added Lucile, "I have a pretty little house called Rose Cottage, in a large grove on Chestnut street, which mamma left me. It will be the very place for us."

"That's just simply fine!" put in Margarette. "But we won't be cross, as old maids usually are," she added, "but so sweet and good-natured that everyone will love us, and think there is no one like the 'Three Old Maids of Rose Cottage,' won't we, girls?"

"Yes, indeed, that we will!" answered Lucile. "But the best thing of all is,

that it takes no men to play this game." This said with a wicked look at Margarette.

"Where's my paper and pencil?" asked Irene.

"There is your paper on the ground, and I think the pencil is yonder under that rosebush," replied Margarette. "Pray, what is coming next?"

"Oh, I'm going to write out a pledge for us to sign," came in muffled tones from Irene, who was down on her knees among the leaves in search of her pencil. "Oh, here you are! Now let's see how fast you can write after giving me that long search."

After a few moments' silence she threw down her pencil, drew her small figure up to its greatest height, put on a very dignified air, and began to read in solemn tones:

"We, the undersigned, do pledge our word that we will always remain single, and true to our promise of setting up an Old Maid's Establishment in ——.

PENALTY.

"The first one to break this pledge must provide a home for the other two, in case they do not succeed in finding a better—I mean worse—half also. Signed, this, the seventh day of January, nineteen hundred and seven, in the presence of the old oak tree on the college campus."

"That's fine!" cried Lucile. "Give me the pencil and let me seal my fate. Now, Margarette, place your signature down there under mine," she said, handing her the paper and pencil.

At first Margarette seemed to hesitate, but on Lucile's exclaiming, "Oh, yes, old girl, I always thought you had a tender spot in the bottom of your heart for men!" her name went down in a hurry.

"Now, we must each have a copy of this to keep after we leave school," began Irene. But just here the supper bell rang, and put an end to the conversation.

* * * * *

"Tis the summer after their graduation when we next meet our three friends. They are attending a house party at the home of Maude Nelson, one of their schoolmates.

Twas about four o'clock on a beautiful June afternoon that Maude came out on the piazza where Lucile sat, with a book in her hand, and asked abruptly:

"Where on earth is Irene? Frank has just come and is asking for her."

"Irene?" repeated Lucile, absently, "why, I haven't seen her at all this afternoon. I suppose she is taking a nap."

Ah, where was Irene? The moment that she heard that Frank Hartford was coming on the afternoon train, she had slipped out of the house and sped away to the river near by. There she sank down on the old rustic seat where they had sat the night before he left for H—— College, not quite a year ago. She went over again in her mind their first meeting; how she had suddenly felt a

queer thrill on looking up into his deep brown eyes, which was renewed every time they met, and that was very often. Each time the memory of a certain slip of paper, tucked away with her other school keepsakes, caused her a momentary feeling of regret. On the night before he was to leave for college he had told her that he would have something to ask her when he came back the next summer, which he didn't feel that he could ask until he had received his diploma and had a profession of his own.

Now he was coming!

"Oh, what shall I do?" groaned Irene. But down deep in her heart she knew very well what she was going to do. "I hate so badly to break a promise, even though it is all a joke. Now if I were Lucile or Margarette it wouldn't be nearly so bad, as they were not the ones to suggest the plan or write the pledge. But after I have boasted of how I was going to enjoy life without a 'troublesome man,' here I must end by falling in—"

Irene suddenly became very deeply absorbed in her book while blushes began to spread over her face and lose themselves in her curly hair. She had caught sight of a tall, broad-shouldered man hurrying down the path. The nearer he came the more absorbed she grew, until a deep musical voice spoke just behind her.

"Well, little girl, what message have you for me now?"

The book closed with a snap, and, although the trembling lips refused to speak, Frank read his answer in the eyes that were shyly raised to meet his own.

An hour later Irene walked into the room where Lucile and Margarette were dressing for dinner.

"Well, girls," she began, with a vain attempt to look sorrowful, "I suppose there is nothing left for me but to pay the penalty. It does seem bad, but Frank says he is willing to provide a home for a dozen old maids if he can only persuade me to break the pledge."

Before she had finished Lucile and Margarette had pounced upon her and were showering her with kisses.

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Lucile; "but," with a sly wink at Margarette, "don't look so sorrowful, for I hardly think you will be called upon to furnish us with homes, as there are to be two more arrivals tonight."

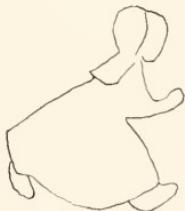
C. Y., '08.

Calendar.

- Sept. 12. School opened with joyful tears and solemn hand-shakes.
Sept. 13. Seniors can't find the mail box. (*Heads in the air*).



- Sept. 14. Banquet for Mrs. Robertson.
Sept. 25. Miss Gunn was in a hurry and ran to breakfast.



- Sept. 28. Society receptions.
Oct. 1. September over.
Oct. 5. Miss Wilson kindly escorted the faculty to the drug store, and left.

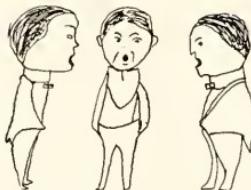


- Oct. 7. Vaccination went the rounds.

- Oct. 14. Supper in four courses:
 (1) Bread and butter;
 (2) Stale crusts and syrup;
 (3) Crackers and molasses;
 (4) Cold biscuits and salt and water.
- Oct. 15. Eleanor Vann tumbled down the college hill.
- Oct. 17. Raleigh Fair. G. F. fair ones fared there. How many flirtations?
- Nov. 20. Senior fold lost its "Best" lamb, little Mary.
- Nov. 23. Novelty repast—soup and crackers.



- Nov. 28. Thanksgiving.
- Nov. 28-29. Delegates to Rock Hill Convention met at midnight by the police
- Dec. 2. Glee Club Entertainment.



- Dec. 2. First day of examination week.
- Dec. 3. Miss Guitner talked on missions.
- Dec. 4. Snowballing and sledding.



Dec. 6. Delightful reception to Seniors. Miss Wilson at her best as hostess.
Unique souvenirs—First, "Throw physics to the dogs."



Dec. 7. Exams over—Physics posted. Josie and Vera have hysterics. Salem whips G. F. C.—but not for good.

Dec. 9. Josie studied her Science.

Dec. 13-14. Societies held bazaar.

Dec. 18. Grace's recital quite a success.



Dec. 18. Mr. Robeson entertained his music class.



Dec. 24. Martha and Pattie were married.

Jan. 1. Every girl proposed. Two were accepted.

Jan. 2. School opened with seventeen pupils.

Jan. 5. Helen and Josie went to church.

Dec. 6. Ellen's little Markham came to see her. Wonder what raised that fever blister.

- Dec. 8. Bills for broken cameras.
Dec. 9. Miss Penick had on a new tie.



- Dec. 10. Miss Wilson wrote Clara a love (?) letter.
Feb. 2. Ground hog saw his shadow.
Feb. 6. Banquet. Faculty took man, and Seniors the sustenance of man, into the Banquet Hall.



- Feb. 14. Valentine's Day.
Feb. 15. Faculty, Seniors, and Mr. Frank attended reception at the McAdoo.



- Feb. 22. Everybody went home. And those that didn't wanted to be everybody's.
Mar. 1. Dr. McMurry preached.
Mar. 2. Mid-term exams.
Mar. 9-14. Senior vacation and Junior vexation.
Mar. 16. Enjoyed Ethel Hale's recital.
Mar. 23. Senior Music Recital.

March 25—Miss Penick gives us a sudden and great surprise by leaving for her home, where she is soon to be married.

Mar. 30. Expression recital by Nan Walker.

Apr. 19. Easter Sunday.

•

Apr. 20-27. Second Senior vacation.

May 15. "Snip" entertained her classmates, the Class of '08.

May 17. Y. W. C. A. Sermon.

May 18. Class Day Exercises. Expression Recital.

May. 19. Baccalaureate Sermon. Alumnae Recital.

May 20. Graduation Exercises. Grand Annual Concert.



• **The Feast.**

We sat in the room at midnight,
As Lewis went on his round,
And the teacher stood in the doorway
Before we had heard a sound.

She saw all our feast spread before us,
Ready for us to devour;
Then said in the sternest of accents,
"Girls, do you know the hour?"

And there, by the dim lighted candle
We were caught, we knew full well,
But a faint hope of yet escaping,
Made each girl run with a yell.

Under the beds we scampered
And into the closets, too,
But the teacher came and pulled us out,
And we knew what she meant to do.

Then back to their rooms she sent them
Out through the cold, dark night;
While I sadly picked up the "eatings,"
And hid them away from sight.

And as I picked up those good things,
While the teacher's words rang in my ears;
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often
In the days that had gone by,
We had sat in that room at midnight,
And feasted on pickles and pie!

How often, oh, how often
We had boasted, that try as they would,
The teachers never could catch us,
For they thought us pious and good.

So our hearts were proud and careless,
As we planned for a great, big spread.
And there seemed no need for whispers,
For we had nothing to dread.

But now that time has vanished,
It is gone forever more,
For "I'll settle with you tomorrow!"
Said the teacher who stood at the door.

Yet whenever I see a package
Come in from the "little store,"
I regret that we talked so loudly
In the days that are no more.

And I think of the list of demerits
That the teacher gave us then,
And wonder if I have the courage
To ever try it again.

I watch the girls slip by my doorway,
With never a sound they go;
And my heart still yearns to follow,
But I whisper sternly, "No!"

For forever and forever,
As long as there are schools,
As long as girls feast at midnight,
As long as they break the rules,

That letter will live in my memory.
That came from my parents dear,
Saying—well, can't you guess at the contents,
And tell why I'm leaving off here?

E. V. I.

Prophecy of Class of '08.

(B) NE long eventful year ago I was commissioned by the famous class of nineteen and eight to go seek an oracle in the far away land of the Rising Sun, and there to have the mystic curtain drawn aside that I might read what futures the gods had ordained for my classmates.

After receiving my charge I immediately left the scenes of my beloved Homeland and became a wanderer on the face of the globe. I crossed the mighty Atlantic amid winds and storms that made me fear my mission would never be accomplished. But as we entered the Mediterranean Sea the waters became more quiet, and soon the sunny fields of Italy came into view. Here, I thought, was the place where I would surely find an oracle, but all in vain did I climb the mountain sides and peer into caves and chasms. Finding my quest useless in Italy, I wandered down into Greece, becoming more and more discouraged as the days passed by in fruitless search. At last, one day as I was about to give the mission up in despair, I came to the foot of the celebrated old mountain, Mount Parnassus, where many years ago shipwrecked Æneas had gone to learn the fate of the Trojans. I climbed the sides of the famous mountain and soon reached my destination, for there stood the Delphian oracle of old. Trembling with fear and excitement, I timidly approached, and in a voice agitated by fright, I told my mission and begged that the gods would listen to me. Immediately there was a dull rumbling sound and the priestess arose from her seat over a wide fissure in the earth, addressing me thus:

"You are a stranger, come hither from the land of the West, to learn the future of the widely renowned class of nineteen hundred and eight of that noble institution of learning, Greensboro Female College. The gods will give to this class a future that will make the civilized world resound with wonder and praise of them. Never since the beginning of the world has there been an equal number of gleaming meteors sent out to enlighten and uplift the country."

"Take first Annie Anderson, the gifted poetess of the class. No common fate has been mapped out for this child of genius. Twenty years hence she will be the most famous poetess in all the American land. She will be toasted and courted by all the great and powerful, and her poems will be set to music by the most skilled musicians of the age. This will be music that will bring the tears to eyes of thousands because of its beauty and pathos."

"Bessie Carson, the youngest but none the less one of the brightest of the

class, will find her life work as a missionary. A few years after leaving school she will meet the knight of her dreams in a young minister. They will go as missionaries to the mountains of Western North Carolina, where they will soon become enshrined in the hearts and affections of the simple backwoods people. Bessie, with her vast store of knowledge, will be to these people a walking wonder.

"Next I will roll back the pages and tell you of Grace Craig, the noted talker of your class. The gods will be kind to this member, who has had many troubles in her short life. And, if you will travel to Wilmington, the City by the Sea, a few years from today you will find her installed in a handsome home of her own. After leaving school Grace will contemplate teaching, but in learning that mathematics will be among her work she will abandon the idea with horror and, remembering that leap year is not yet past, she will use her talking capacity for the excellent purpose of finding a mate.

"Ah!" you say, "but surely Mabel Evans is not mated, for where in all this universe would she find one whom she thought suitable to mate with?" Now wait a moment while I ask you a question. Do you remember how fond Mabel once was of little boys? This attachment will grow as the years pass and soon you will find her in a little vine-covered cottage built for two. You will scarcely recognize the Mabel of old, for the anxious frown will have been left at college when she walked from its doors with a diploma in her hand, and now she will be as joyous as a bird in spring.

"Listen to the fate of one of the brightest stars of the class." Josie Fritton is destined to become a meteor of the twentieth century. As you know, in school Josie was noted for her ability in remembering and printing in the College Message the jokes on her schoolmates. Five years after leaving the Hill she will print a book, "Who is the Brightest?" filled with jokes and witty sayings, that will cause old America to hold her sides with laughter lest there be an explosion equal to the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

"Grace Foy is also among the favorites. She will spend her life in the noble work of caring for homeless waifs. You have but to visit Greensboro twenty years hence to find there the 'Home for Motherless,' a noble edifice, founded by Grace who will then be manager of it. Her goodness will be proverbial in the Old North State.

"I want to see the world" has been Myrtie Ham's cry since she first began studying of the wonders of the earth. Her wish will be granted and she will begin traveling soon after graduation. Every country of note will be visited by her, and the letters which she will send to the Ladies' Home Journal, describing her travels, will be enjoyed by thousands of its readers. Myrtie will become so enamored with the blue skies of Italy that she will decide to prolong her stay indefinitely, and the doors to her handsome villa will always stand open to welcome any member of her beloved class who may chance to wander to that distant shore.

"Why ask me of Margaret Herring's future?" She decided that for herself long before she left college, and the gods will allow her to keep it. She would

never be content anywhere save in a schoolroom where she will rule the children with a rod of iron. They will each declare that her glasses are mirrors which she uses to see behind her, and woe to the pupil who is found with gum in her mouth.

"You will each guess at once who is the nightingale of the class. After spending several years in the North having her voice trained, Vera Idol will make her first appearance in New York City, where she will be hailed as a second Florence. Her tours of the two continents will be followed by praises that will resound to the heavens. Ere she reaches the year thirty she will be famous as the world's greatest songstress, the Idol of the music loving public.

"The reserved and stately Bertha Long was created for no other purpose than to grace a home. She will be first of the worthy number to forsake single blessedness, but her choice will prove a wise one. She will reside down in Gastonia, and at any time of the day you may hear her calling central to connect her with a certain wholesale grocery department.

"Great must be the future of the bearer of Senior dignity, Ellen McPhail. This tall maiden was made to rule wherever she went, nor will she fail to do this in the Northern home where she will be persuaded to go some years after graduation. After leaving school Ellen will go north to study music. While there a noted artist, becoming struck by her height and dignified bearing, will persuade her to pose for a picture that he is preparing to paint, called 'Higher yet.' This picture will represent a towering young girl trying vainly to look over a tree to see a little man on the other side. Needless to say, this picture added the fitting climax to the painter's already rising fame.

"But who is the woman whose picture is seen on the front page of every notable newspaper, under flaming headlines? Look closer and you will recognize the mighty Smith who has become world famous as a lecturer on fudge making. You will no doubt remember how Marianne used to spend her time in school making candy while her friends read the lessons aloud. This craze conquered her and now she travels over the whole globe giving lectures on the hidden art of which she is mistress.

"Now in the annals of time we find Margaret Summersett's name. If you wish to know of her go to the little city of Salisbury a few years hence, and on a northern street leading from the town you will find a lonely little house set aside from those around. On opening the door you will behold Margaret, sitting with knit brows over a long table strewn with books and papers. On enquiring what she is about she will raise a haggard face and tell you in mournful words that she has been sitting there for five long years writing a book on physics, which will have no problems for the future generations to stumble over.

"Martha Stockton will very soon come to the conclusion that she likes dress-making better than studying and will begin work on a wedding trousseau. But 'true love never runs smooth,' and on account of a small misunderstanding Martha will narrowly escape living the life of a spinster.

"Who will fail to recognize the lady with the mathematical instruments? You remember how fond Clara Stahl was of the faculty, and how in her last year she really became a member of that august body. The year following she will become a teacher of mathematics in a college in Indiana. But her restless nature will not allow her to stay content in one place for long. She will feel her duty calling her to more extraordinary fields of labor, so gathering up her triangles, rules, compasses, and other implements of warfare, she will leave America. If five years from now you will take a peep into Southern Africa, there you will see Clara in a small thatched hut teaching trigonometry and analytics to a group of enquiring savages.

"Again we turn the pages and this time see the city of High Point. As we walk down Broad street we will see a large new house which we will be told is the home of a newly married couple. We approach and see a cloud of dust arising from the side porch. As we stand wondering what can be the meaning of this, the mystery is solved, for as the dust clears away we behold the Allie Strickland of old with a towel pinned tightly over her head and broom in hand sweeping rugs with might and main.

"Helen Sparger, with her lofty hopes and aspirations, will become the professional member of the class. Listen to what I am to tell you—Helen is to become a LAWYER. She will win her cases as she always wins everyone, by that magnetism which no one can resist. No jury can decide against a prisoner when he has Lawyer Sparger to plead for him. Helen's fame will be secured when she wins a well known case in which a wife is accused of having pulled all the locks from her husband's cranium. After the stirring speech of defense, no one will ever again venture the suggestion that married men's hair is in danger.

"Now I have related to you in detail all that has been revealed to me by the gods. Go! take back my prophecy to your anxious classmates and tell them they are blessed indeed to have been deemed worthy of the gods' notice!"

Here the priestess turned to go, but I stopped her with a cry:

"What of the last member of the class?" She turned, looked at me sorrowfully and slowly shook her head.

The Magic Apple.

Upon the plains of Persia, (so doth the legend run),
A wondrous tree did flourish and blossom in the sun,
Its fruit once in a decade grew ripe and red of skin
To tempt the passing stranger to seize the gift within,
Which in its heart was buried, for him to take who chose,
To boldly seize, and smiling eat, and thus forget life's woes.
For he who without murmur did eat this apple rare
Received a thousand blessings to make his life more fair.
One-half of this red apple was soft and very sweet,
The other half was bitter, and very hard to eat.
If one bit first the sweet side, the eating seemed but play,
But when he reached the bitter he cast it all away.
If first in this endeavor, one found the bitter meat,
With frowns he cast it from him, unconscious of the sweet.
These *both* lost *all* the blessings deep hidden in the core,
For one must eat the whole fruit, or lose the good in store;
Whoever smiling, swallowed all, the bitter with the sweet,
His life was crowned with blessings and happiness complete.

* * * * *

'Twas thus the ancient sages in fable taught the truth
That life is sweet and bitter, alike in age and youth.
He who with smiling courage accepts life's daily need
Will still receive the blessings and strength for every need.

—S. S. C.

Acrostic

Go forward in thy noble work,
Rich treasure house of knowledge rare!
Each year thou sendest forth some who have victory won
Each year sees some aspirant just begun;
Nor can we tell what inspiration, silent, yet intense
Stirs in the hearts so kindly nurtured here.
Between the years that lie afar,
On many a heart thou'l be fore'er enshrined;
Rich legacy of hope and faith
On all thy daughters tenderly bestowed.

For weal or woe, for gain or loss,
Each goeth forth to life's great battlefield,
'Mid conflicts often heavy to be borne;
And yet, so well equipped within thy walls,
Life doth not seem so difficult to meet,
Each year rolls by on swiftly flying feet.

Can words express the love we have for thee,
O, Alma Mater, noble, true and just?
Let future years in some small measure tell,
Let nothing bring reproach while here we dwell;
Enthroned in heart and life thy memory e'er
Go with us, though our way be far or near,
Encouraged by thy kindly care so dear.

A. L. A., '08

Life of Poe.

[A carefully edited Analysis of Poe's Raven, with subjoined notes and Biographical Sketch.
Prepared for the use of the Sophomore Class in Literature.]

Edgar Allan Poe (who afterward added a t to his surname) was born in New England, in the northeastern part of the United States, at an extremely early age. The fact that his father and mother were both of a dramatic turn of mind may be held accountable for Poe's early ability to act. It is related of him that he was a finished actor before he was one month old, and he had rehearsals at every hour of the day and night. Indeed it was often noticed that in the comparatively irresponsible days of infancy he would call forth his company (usually including his father and mother) in the middle of the night when other children of the same age were sound asleep.

The education which the great poet received was the best available at that time, Greensboro Female College not being established until a few years after the poet's school days were over, to the everlasting regret of his guardians. However, his natural genius overcame any deficiencies in his education.

Many incidents are told illustrative of the remarkable ability and discretion of his early manhood. At twenty-one he suddenly became of age, and in honor of that noteworthy event he was allowed a voice in the affairs of his country. This was a great year for the poet, for, not being content with merely a voice in national affairs, he desired a hand in them. Therefore he entered West Point (which authorities tell us is so called because it is a point west of the eastern coast of America) and there learned to handle a gun and sword.

In the meantime his literary talents had been developing with wonderful rapidity. In addition to "The Raven," he published numerous other works, both poetical and prosaic, the chief being his celebrated "Black Cat." An eminent biographer has written of this:

"An unsurpassed example of prosaic art, illimitable in its depth of feeling, and vast in its scope of intellect; it describes the habits of all black cats in general and this black cat in particular in a way that has never been equalled by any writer of any age."

In spite, however, of the great poet's intellectual capacities and imaginative faculties, he died before he reached middle age, a fact that has never ceased to cause regret.

THE RAVEN.¹

Once² upon a midnight³ dreary, while I pondered⁴, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious⁵ volume⁶ of forgotten lore⁷,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping⁸,
As of some one gently rapping⁹, rapping at my chamber¹⁰ door.
“‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

CRITICAL NOTES.

1. The poet doubtless had in mind the common use of the word “to devour with great eagerness,” although some critics contend that Poe referred to a bird of black color, allied to the crow.

2. Note the remarkable way in which the poem opens. Only poets of the highest order could conceive of opening a narrative with the words “once upon a time!”

3. Encyclopedia Britannica, the Century and Standard Dictionaries all agree that the time referred to is twelve o’clock at night.

4. to ponder is to weigh.

5. habitually inquisitive.

6. dimensions of any solid; the product of the length, width and depth.

7. an old word, now quite obsolete.

8. a hole or pipe in a cask, through which liquor is drawn.

9. to affect with ecstasy or pleasure. Read Note 8 carefully and observe the natural result in this note.

10. a hollow or closed space. The poet here displays a wonderful sense of logic. Presumably the use of the word in this instance refers to a small room where a person, after the indulgence described in note 8, might recover from the effects.

Votes.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Prettiest</i> | SUSIE GWIN |
| <i>Cutest</i> | LOUISE FRAY |
| <i>Most Intellectual</i> | CLARA STAHL |
| <i>Biggest Flirt</i> | LOUISE MORPHEW |
| <i>Most Generous</i> | SARA STEWART |
| <i>Most Graceful</i> | LYDIA WINSLOW |
| <i>Wittiest</i> | JOSIE FULTON |
| <i>Most Stylish</i> | AMANDA BAXTER |
| <i>Most Athletic</i> | Alice BLANCHARD |
| <i>Best Vocalist</i> | ANNIE WOODLEY |
| <i>Best Musician</i> | BERTHA LONG |
| <i>Most Industrious</i> | MABEL EVANS |
| <i>Most Ladylike</i> | ELEANOR VANN |
| <i>Biggest Talker</i> | SUE CORBETT |
| <i>Most Popular</i> | HELEN SPARGER |

The Awakening.

Margaret Lancaster was the only child of a wealthy merchant in the village of M——. She had been away from home for several years, studying music, and since her graduation in June she had spent the summer quietly at home.

One warm afternoon in July she lay in the hammock, idly watching the bees as they flew to and fro among the flowers. She had been reading, but her book had long since fallen from her hands, and she had given herself up to the spell of the quiet afternoon. Presently a negro boy came across the lawn and handed her a letter. Margaret gave an exclamation of pleasure as she recognized the writing of Louise Wiley, an old schoolmate.

Louise had been her most intimate friend at college, and now she had written accepting an invitation to spend the month of August with Margaret.

As she finished reading the letter she heard a voice behind her, "What's the news, Margaret?" And Frank Cameron came up beside her, and with the assurance of an old friend threw himself down on the grass at her feet.

"Just the one I want to see, Frank. I have a letter from Louise saying she will spend the month of August with me. Since you are a gentleman of leisure you can help me make her visit a pleasant one. But you don't look as happy about it as I expected. Never mind, wait until you see her, and I wager you will be in love with her in less than two days. You may not think she is beautiful, but she can make you love her easy enough."

"No, she cannot. I shall of course be glad to do all I can to make her visit a pleasant one, but I suppose I am selfish," answered Frank, without looking up.

"What in the world do you mean, Frank? I don't understand you," and Margaret looked up with a puzzled expression in her eyes.

"Don't you understand, Margaret?" Frank's voice was low and more gentle than Margaret had ever heard it before. "I have been trying to tell you all summer and you would not let me. But I must tell you now. Have you never guessed it, Margaret? I love you. I have lived near you since you were a child, and have watched you develop from a child into a beautiful, noble woman. I cannot remember a time when I have not loved you. In my boyish days I claimed you as my little sweetheart, and since I have grown to be a man, if I have achieved any success at all, it has been due to your image in my heart and the hope that someday I might be worthy of your love. Many times this summer I have wanted to tell you this, but I could not. I have been happy in being with you, and when you told me that someone else was coming I knew that I could not

see you as I have been doing. I am selfish, and want you all to myself. But, dear, it is because I love you so. Margaret, can you ever care for me?"

"Frank, it is needless for me to say that I am surprised. We have been friends so long that I never dreamed of your caring for me in any other way. I know of no one whose friendship I value more than yours, but I will be honest with you. I don't care for you in any other way." Margaret looked straight into Frank's face as she answered him, and though there was friendly interest in her eyes, one could see that her heart had never been touched.

Never had Frank Cameron looked more manly than when he stood before Margaret, his eyes shining with determination.

"Do you love another, Margaret?"

"No, there is no other."

"Then I shall not give up. My great love for you must win yours in return. Unless you tell me that you love someone else, I shall not stop trying to win your love. I must go now. I can't talk of other things after this, so I will leave you."

"One minute, Frank. Promise me that this shall not make any difference in our friendship." And Margaret's face was very earnest as she spoke.

"I shall always do all in my power to make you happy, Margaret, and I shall be as good a friend to you as I know how to be; but there is a difference. You know now that I love you. Remember, wherever you are, that you have in your keeping the truest love a man can give. It is yours whenever you choose to claim it. Good-bye. I shall try to keep my promise of helping to make your friend's visit a pleasant one." And gravely lifting his hat, Frank turned and went away.

As he left her, Margaret went slowly into the house.

"I am sorry he loves me. We have been such good friends. Why should he spoil it by loving me? But Louise will soon be here and maybe then he will find that he is mistaken, and will fall in love with her. I must plan for them to be together as much as possible."

Margaret did not see Frank again until after Louise Wiley came. Then he kept his promise and spent a part of nearly every day with the girls. He did not allude in any way to the conversation between Margaret and himself on that particular afternoon; but once, on looking up from some music, Margaret's eyes met his, and his eyes were so full of love-light that she quickly looked away.

During Louise's visit a concert was given for charity and Margaret was asked to sing. Up to this time she had refused to appear in public since her return from New York, but now her friends insisted that she should sing, so at last she consented to do so.

On the morning before the concert Margaret and Louise were sitting on the lawn reading, when Frank came up.

"What a welcome interruption," both girls cried, throwing aside their books. "We were wishing you would come."

"You girls would make a fellow conceited if he didn't know you as well as I

do. But if you have no plans for the morning what do you say to spending it on the river?" said Frank.

Both girls were delighted with this plan, so they set out in a jolly frame of mind. They did not return until noon, and when Frank had gone Louise turned to Margaret and said, "Margaret, are you and Frank Cameron more than friends? I can answer for him, but not for you. He worships you. Do you care for him?"

"No, Louise, I don't. I don't care for any man. My whole heart is in my music. As for Frank, we are merely good friends. I admire and like him, but that is all. Why don't you fall in love with each other? I think you would make a grand couple." And Margaret playfully put her arm around her friend's shoulders.

Louise took both of Margaret's hands in hers and looked straight into her eyes. "How foolish, Margaret. We could never care for each other, even if he didn't care for you, for we are too much alike. But honestly, dear, if I had my choice of all the men in the world for you, I should choose Frank."

"Very well, I'll tell you if I ever love him," said Margaret, playfully. "But there is the dinner bell, and it is a welcome sound to me. Come on."

Margaret had never looked better than when she stood before her audience that evening. She wore a simple white gown with a bunch of old-fashioned daisies at her belt.

Her voice was a rich, full contralto, and that night she was at her best. Her tones were perfect, and yet when she had finished, although the people applauded enthusiastically, everyone felt that something was lacking. Her music had no soul in it. She sang of something she knew nothing of and she could not reach the hearts of her hearers.

Margaret herself felt that something was wrong, and after she had returned to her home and was alone with Frank, she asked him if he noticed it.

"Yes, Margaret, I noticed it, and I can tell you the trouble. You sang of love, and you know nothing of it, so how could you tell others? Oh, Margaret, can't you ever care for me? I love you so, and I would spend my life trying to make you happy. Won't you try to care?" and Frank looked deep into her eyes, his own shining with tenderness.

"Frank, I don't love you. I am sorry that you love me, for I'm afraid I can never care for you as you want me to," answered Margaret, and her voice was more gentle than usual.

"Promise me that if you ever care you will tell me. You know I shall always love you, and I will gladly wait for years, if I can hear you say in the end that you love me. Will you promise?"

"I promise," she said.

Weeks went by. Louise's visit came to an end, and Margaret was left at home alone again. Early in September Frank Cameron went away and did not return until Christmas.

On Christmas Eve Margaret sang again in public. She had hesitated at first,

because she had failed before to win her audience, but she knew now that she could sing of her own love and she determined to make amends for her failure before.

When she came out upon the platform she glanced over her audience and all at once everything else faded away as she saw the one face in the world to her. But her accompanist was playing, so looking straight into Frank Cameron's eyes she forgot all else in the world and sang only to him. There was no lack of applause that night. Her friends overwhelmed her with congratulations, but she slipped away from them all and went home where she could be alone.

She sat down at the piano and began singing softly. So intent was she on her own thoughts that she did not hear anyone enter until a voice said softly, "Dreaming, as of old, eh, Margaret?" And looking up she saw Frank standing beside her, with the lovelight shining in his eyes.

She gave a glad cry of "Oh, Frank!" then her eyes failed to meet his in the old friendly way. But he gently lifted her face and read in her eyes all he wanted to know.

"My own, now and always," he whispered, as he gathered her in his arms.

"Always," she said. "I have loved you all the time, but did not know it until you left me."



Something New Under the Sun.

On Freshman Bible Examination:

"Write a character sketch of Joseph?"

"Joseph was the one who got drunk and cut up bad on the street."

Miss Penick—"Tell me some of Dickens' work?"

Bright Student—"The Wavering Novels, David Copperfield, and Gray's Elegy."

Miss Davis (to Ellen)—"What became of the Federalist party after 1812?"

Ellen—"Why, they were killed in the War of 1812."

Carrie thinks a comet should have two tails, in order to make an < of 45 degrees.

Miss Wilson—"What accompanies sound?"

Ethel—"Well, there are different kinds of disturbances."

Julia—"Let's see what all happened in 1492: Columbus sailed, Washington crossed the Delaware, the Declaration of Independence was signed. Is that all?"

ON CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Miss Wilson—"Why did we not make chlorine?"

Bright Junior—"Because we had some in the laboratory?"

Ellen—"Say, didn't Pope write all those scary tales, 'The Raven,' 'the Black Cat' and the like?"

Freshman—"Please tell me where to get those green strips of cloth with G. F. C. painted on 'em."

Senior to Sub-Freshman—"What are you working so faithfully over, Algebra?"

Sub-Freshman—"Why, no, it's math."

An old girl was trying fortunes with flinch cards and told the new girl to cut. She immediately took up the scissors with the remark, "I sure do hate to ruin this new pack of cards."

Freshman, on the floor turning the steam regulator on radiator—"I wonder why the lights won't come on; I've turned this screw as far as it will go."

Senior Farce.

SCENE 1.—*In Hall.*

Vera. Girls, let's have a class meeting. What do we care if it is study hour?

All. All right, let's do. What time?

Vera. Well, it's one minute, thirty-three and one-half seconds till seven. Let's have it at seven. At study hour bell. Snip, may we have it in your room?

Carrie. For course, you can.

Entrance to Carrie's door.

Allie (*with a towel round her head*). Hello! Come in if you can stand the dust.

Vera. We wanted to have class meeting in here. May we?

Allie. Yes, but can't we wait till half past seven? I must clean up. Maybe I'd better wash the chafing dish.

All. Well. Au revoir till later.

Class Meeting.

Vera. Girls, we thought we would have a call meeting to discuss—

Ellen. I'm going to have company tomorrow night.

Clara. Well, let's hurry, because I've got to go home. I promised Miss uh-Wilson to be there by a-a-a-half past nine.

Josie. Listen, won't you? Clara, that's two hours yet.

Vera. Well, anyway, we must discuss— *[A knock at the door.]*

Carrie. Come in. *[In walks Miss Penick.]*

Miss Penick. Girls, what does this mean, during study hour?

All. Has study hour bell rung? Well, we'll go on right now. Miss Penick.

[Exit Miss Penick.]

Vera. Girls, we must get to business. First—

Josie. Yes, first, let me tell you that I know my science for tomorrow. I can say off every rule for radiation.

Helen. I'd like to hear you.

Josie. Radiation procures straight lines. There.

Helen. That isn't the only one.

Josie. It's the most important one. Here's the next. Radiant energy is reflected from a shiny face so that the creases of insolence and rejection are equal.

Helen. That sounds right.

Grace Foy. Girls, this Psychology lesson is too much. Why, we can't learn it all, and I say let's not look at it. Myrtie, please don't study it.

[Clock strikes eight.]

Martha (standing by chafing dish). Gee, this is the best candy. Believe I'll have some more.

Allie. Girls, we must be more careful. The first thing we know Mrs. Robertson and Aunt Fannie are going to hear us. We are right on top of them.

[*Decided knock.*]

Allie. Come in.

Mrs. Robertson. Girls, what do you mean? And my Seniors! After my especial commands, aren't you ashamed?

Vera. Mrs. Robertson, we didn't think you'd mind if we were working too.

Mrs. R. But you can't work in such a crowd and when making this everlasting fudge.

Vera. Yes, ma'am we can. And we've been.

Mrs. R. Well.

[*And goes out.*]

Mabel. This is a jolly class meeting. Let's not study one single bit.

Vera. We must discuss that—

Myrtie. Didn't you nearly die laughing at Miss Page today?

Bessie. When I asked her why Paul didn't tell widowers not to get married again?

Myrtie. Yes. And she said she guessed he knew it would be wasting words—that they would marry anyway.

Vera. Well, let's discuss—

Bessie. Going to bed. There's the bell.

All. Now, don't let's any of us study. We'll get through somehow.

SCENE II.—(*o'clock next morning, in Math Room.*)

Myrtie. Girls, did any of you study? If Annie Anderson and Clara Stahl have opened a book, we'll mob them, won't we?

Clara and Annie (just coming in). Girls, don't we know a lot for today? Haven't even opened a book.

[*In walks Miss Pegrant.*]

Miss P. Vera, did you get the eleventh?

Vera. Yes, ma'am.

Miss P. What did you get?

Vera. A quarter of pie (π).

Miss P. Helen, what did you get?

Helen. Half of it.

Josie (in a loud whisper). She ate it, too. It was mince.

Miss P. Josie, how many did you work?

Josie. I worked nearly all. But I didn't get any.

Miss P. Class excused.

IN ENGLISH ROOM.

Miss Penick. Girls, what do we have today?

All. Review of Scott and Shakespeare.

Miss Penick. I thought I told you to read Pilgrim's Progress.

All (in a whisper). No wonder she thought so. (*Out loud*) No, ma'am.

Miss Penick. Ellen, what is the psychological significance of Kenilworth?

Ellen. Why, Miss Penick, I think it is quite evident.

Miss Penick. Well, what is it?

Ellen. It indicates that we all belong to the animal race and can develop.

Miss Penick. Y-e-s. That's it. Helen, name Scott's books in their order.

Helen. What do you mean? As they come in the A B C's?

Miss Penick. No. In point of years.

Helen. Well—let me see. Xm, he, when he was quite a young man and attractive, he wrote Kenilworth. Then he wrote, If It Comes Out Good, It's All Right.

Miss Penick. What was that last?

Helen. If it comes out well, it's all right.

Miss Penick. Margaret Herring, can you finish Helen's discussion.

Margaret H. I thought it was, All's Well That Ends Well."

Miss Penick. Can't you discuss it any further?

Margaret H. I thought that was a good end.

Miss Penick. Well, I just wanted to know your own opinion. Mabel, name the four periods in Shakespeare's life.

Mabel (waking suddenly) Ma'am?

Miss Penick. Name and discuss the periods in Shakespeare's life.

Mabel. His life was divided into four periods of thirty years each. In the first thirty years he was apprenticed. Then the next period he was a worldly man. Wasn't he down deep somewhere in the third, and up in the air in the fourth?

Miss Penick. Yes. Now discuss—Was that the last bell? Well, class excused.

IN PHYSICS LABORATORY.

Miss Wilson. Bertha, what are two qualities of matter?

Bertha. Descriptive and Inquisitive.

Miss W'. Explain terms, please.

Bertha. Well, in Descriptive you say, "Matter is," and go on and describe it. Then in Inquisitive you say, "What is the matter?"

Miss W'. Carrie, can you give me a better definition?

Carrie. I thought you meant like that matter is mass without figure.

Miss W'. I do. Go on.

Carrie. I can't. Haven't any figure to go on.

Miss W'. How much time have you spent on this lesson?

All. Every bit of study hour. (*In a whisper*) The books were all under us.

LATIN ROOM.

Miss Fisher. Girls, we'll have a written lesson today.

(Cast down faces. Looking at board, saw written, "Translate Carmen XXIX.

Miss F. steps out of room and Martha goes and rubs off the last X. XXI is an old nut.)

SCENE III.—(*After dinner.*)

Vera. Girls, we never did have our class meeting. Let's have it now.

All. Well. Where?

Vera. In my room. Come on.

IN VERA'S ROOM.

Vera. Girls, we must talk about this matter I started last night. You know—

Margaret Summersett. Yes, we know that Clara is crazy about Miss Wilson, and,—well—

Vera. No, I didn't mean that. Girls, this is an important matter.

Bell rings.

Vera. Well, come after Psychology.

IN PSYCHOLOGY ROOM.

Miss Penick. Marianne, give me a definition of Psychology.

Marianne. Psychology is the Life of Mental Signs, telling what the phenomena are, as knowing states, and how they came to be formed, and go after each other in the command of voceration, which they indeed assume. These phenomena form the stepping rocks in the instigations of psychology.

Miss P. Y-e-s. Why did you take that definition?

Marianne. Because that seemed to explain it to me better than any other one.

Miss P. Grace Craig, give me a definition of a sensation.

Grace C. A sensation is an attack of the brain, an hallucination instigated by over estimation of the vivid imagination, and is formed when you fall in love. When you fall out of love, you take that definition with a minus sign, and call it negative sensation.

Miss P. Grace Foy, discuss attention.

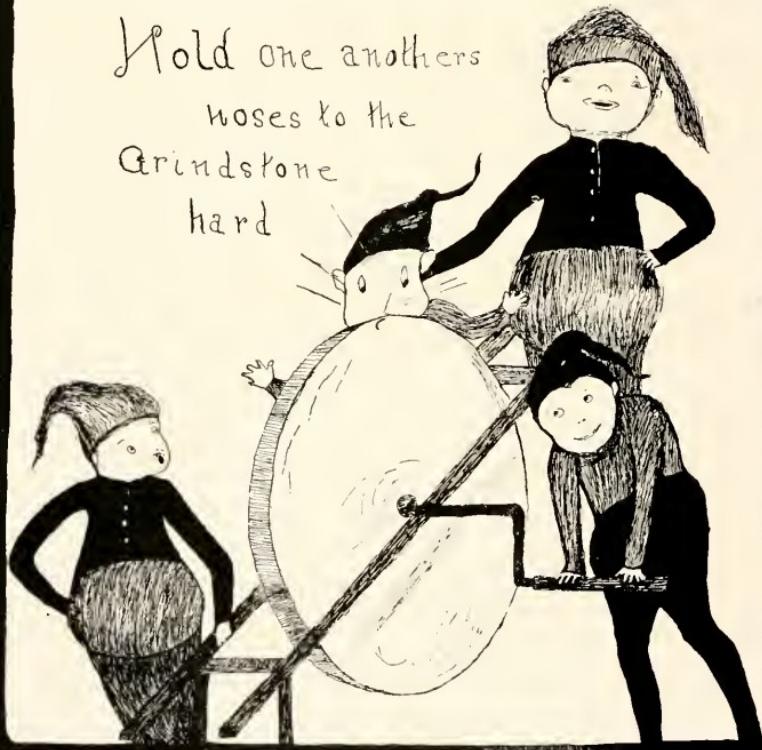
Grace F. Attention is something you have to pay, but you don't need anything to pay with.

[*Bell rings.*

Vera. Girls, come on. I'll tell you right out here in this end of the hall what that matter was. It behooves us as the Senior Class to procure the information by intensive investigation as circumstance permits, and get the needed and assuredly weighty reasons why (for fear of prevaricating or expostulating) Mr. Frank comes up here so often and talks so much to a certain teacher.

M. W. S., '08.

Hold one another's
noses to the
Grindstone
hard



Grinds.

Ythucaf—"We have seen better days."

Mrs. Nostrebör—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Miss Sivad—"His bark is worse than his bite."

Mr. Lhats—"He walks as though he tread upon eggs."

Miss Nidrah—"Come, sit down, every mother's son and rehearse your parts."

Miss Nosliw—"Never sick, never old, never dead."

Mr. Nosrebör—"He hath a stern look but a gentle heart."

Miss Reizod—"She had a face like a benediction."

Miss Margep—"Hence, home you idle creatures; get you home!"

Prof. Tfark—"The world knows only two, that's Rome and I."

Miss Egap—"I'll haunt thee like an evil conscience still."

Miss Nmug—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"

Prof. Reshal—"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is!"

Miss Kocolab—"The hearing ear and the seeing eye."

Miss Rehsif—"Away with her, away with her! she speaketh Latin."

Miss Keinep—"It is better to wear out than to rust out."

Miss Retrop—

" 'Twas kind of kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed creetur."

Mrs. Keocnah—"Many dishes bring many diseases."

Aunt Ynnaf—

"Every other day take a drop in water.
You'll be better soon—or at least you oughter."

Roines Ssale—"After us the deluge!"

Aralc Lhats—"I am Sir Oracle, when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

Ylime Sirrah—
Eimam Tseb—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Eus Ttebroc—"I had as lief the town-crier spoke my words."

Lehte Selah—"I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time."

Anon Nospmoht—"I never quarrel with my bread and butter."

Nyleve Reklaw—"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber."

Lehte Reidnahe—"It is not good that man should be alone."

Ecarg Yof—"Grumblers deserve to be treated on surgically; their trouble is usually chronic."

Harobed Dorrehs—
Ailuj Oyam—

"All we ask is to be let alone."

Atelf Munyh—"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Einna Nosredna—"She hath a lean and hungry look."

Haras Trawets—

"It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice."

Ennairam Htims—

"And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful 'urs.' "

Eisceb Nosrac—"I am not in the roll of common men!"

Yram Semaj—

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care and a fig for woe."

Nelle Liahp'm—"I am a great eater of 'beef,' and I believe that does harm to my wit."

Lebam Snavé—"Hark! from the tombs a mournful sound."

Yram Emoorb—
Eillas Emoorb—

"The short and the long of it."

Adi Kcamow—"Do not saw the air too much with your hands."

Eisoj Notluf—"I value science—none can prize it more."

Einna Yeldoow—

"Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry!"

Einnelg Notrevley—

"When I was at home I was in a better place."
But travellers must be content."

Esiuol Llah—"How sweet and sacred idleness is!"

Inmates of 310—"Born merely for the purpose of digestion."

Noitacav—"There's a gude time coming!"

Ecarg Giarc—"I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms."

Ytlucaf Gniteem—"A sealed book at whose contents we tremble."

Arod Namffilcs—"Splitting the air with noises."

Nemhsarf—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

Alled Notloh—"On with the dance!"

Nelch Regraps—"Devil at home, saint abroad."

Esiuol Yarf—"Only one of nature's agreeable blunders."

Eromohpos Ssalc—"Much ado about nothing."

J.2.



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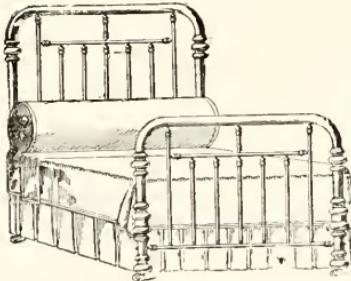
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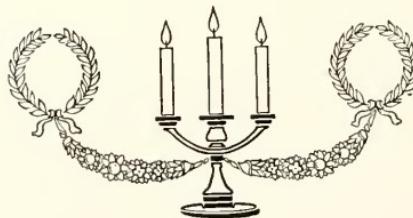
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